HOLLYWOOD LEADS FASHION PARADE

BOSTON ADVERTISER
SUNDAY MARCH 8, 1936.

This Spring let your figure be swathed in yards of sheerness as you drift over the dance floor. This gown, fashioned of billowing chiffon in two exquisite tones, is the acme of perfection. Pretty posies nestle cozily at low V-neckline, and scarfs caught at each shoulder ripple to the floor. It is worn by Anne Shirley. (R.K.O.)

Like a Grecian goddess, slim, sophisticated and columnesque, is the way fashion plans you shall look in this startling gown of soft crepe. Designed by Orry-Kelly, it features the ultra one-shoulder decolletage. The star splashed right-side panel forms an unusually effective train and emphasizes the natural grace of Alma Lloyd (Warner Brothers).

Off for an exhilarating day in paddock and on clubhouse verandas, what could be more sporting than a fleecy camel's hair coat with wide revers and deep roomy pockets. Just the frock to go with it, as worn by Columbia's Joan Perry, is of crepe with a quilted motif, which is repeated on the kid bag. In military manner is the hat with pushed forward brim and chamois accents.

A vision of loveliness in shimmering satin! The importance of sleeve detail is interpreted in this glamorous long-sleeved dinner gown. Intricately manipulated tucks give shoulder fullness, and a snugly-fitted tunic accents the current vogue for definite lines. Charming Margaret Sullavan (Paramount) attains added chic with a sparkling rhinestone clip at the flatteringly high neckline.

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

Greatest Circulation in the World

"The Nation's Reading Habit"

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Sunday, March 8, 1936

American Beauties

A New Series of Paintings by Henry Clive — No. 5 — "Girl of the Northwest"

Humor At Last In The Usually Solemn Field Of Sculpture

At Left—This White Lady With Turquoise Hair, With Chocks for a Bosom and Lamb Chops Sprouting From Her Shoulders Is a Ceramic Prize Winner and a Burlesque on Surrealism. It Is Called "The Futility of a Well-Ordered Life."

—And Below—

"Monkey Business," With Gorillas, Hunter, Camera and All, Is Another Amusing Ceramic Exhibited by Russell Aitken, Who Has Brought Humor to Sculpture.

"Grade A." Takes Certain Liberties With the Anatomy of a Cow, but It's Good Sculptural Fun.

Below—Europa Is Having Herself a Fine Time on the Mild-Mannered Bull as Interpreted in This Bit of Pottery Which Amused Visitors to the New York Exhibition.

Mr. Aitken Dashed Off This Version of a "Possum" While in a Gay Creative Mood.

SCULPTOR RUSSELL AITKEN, resident of Cleveland and just turned twenty-five—works with his tongue in his cheek and mixes humor with his clay. He is not afraid to be funny in a medium that is universally distinguished for its sober seriousness.

Not long ago young Mr. Aitken arrived in New York for his first one-man show at the Walker Galleries. He brought with him some 20 or more pieces of ceramic pottery wrought by him in his Cleveland studio.

Foremost among the exhibits was the three-quarters figure at the extreme left of the page. The sculptor, poking skilful and intelligent fun at the curious works of Salvador Dali and other surrealist artists, called this work "The Futility of a Well-Ordered Life." He also called it "a bit of surrealism to end all surrealism." For reasons that even Mr. Dali couldn't guess, Sculptor Aitken garnished his female figure with a couple of clock faces—one over each breast—and cut an oblong hole in her midriff, in which he placed a garishly colored vase. Her hair was unnaturally blue and she wore about her waist a girdle of field mice. A lamb chop stuck up from each shoulder and, strangest of all, two miniature football players on roller skates twanged clay guitars at the base of the statuette.

The potter presented his version of "Europa and the Bull," a theme that many an artist has done in the best classical manner. In Aitken's hands the maid was as plump and cute as a Kewpie and the bull an obese and kindly brute with little of the fiery dignity of his kind. Even funnier was a caricature of a cow, with straight legs, an enormous head and an udder that just about took up all the room between the animal's front and hind legs. The sculptor called this creation "Grade A."

One of the best of Aitken's recent works is a humorous modern version of a "Rogers group" which he labeled "Monkey Business." It depicted an explorer, white helmet on head and camera in hand, snapping pictures of a young simian, while two larger ones, looking like a couple of stage-business gorillas, watch the proceedings. One of the smallest pieces in the show was, unmistakably, a possum, but so humorous in appearance that it caused spectators to grin at the whimsy molded into it.

Mr. Aitken can be serious, when he chooses, and create ceramic figures notable for their beauty, but at the moment he seems determined to demonstrate that sculpture does not necessarily have to take itself seriously to be worthwhile. Examples of his work are owned by many famous people who see the mark of genius in his funny figurines.

The Biggest of Hamburgers

AS A post-season reward for their work on the football field, the co-ed cheer leaders of California's Santa Barbara State College were treated to what is believed to be the biggest hamburger steak that ever sizzled over a fire.

This edible oddity, shown in the photograph at the right, was presented to the young women by one Bill Broome, an ardent football fan who had an eye for the cheer leaders as well as the husky heroes of the State College team.

The steak consisted of 65 pounds of prime meat, ground to the proper consistency. To make the hamburger a delight to bite into, several other ingredients were put into it—13 pounds of cheese, half a gallon of mayonnaise dressing, three quarts of sauce, a couple of pounds of salt and half a pound of pepper.

Besides these essentials to a good hamburger the great disc of savory meat was garnished with eight heads of lettuce and provided with a roll 52 inches in diameter.

When the pretty, and hungry, cheer leaders attacked the huge hamburg—with a cross-cut saw—they were the center of a crowd that gathered in Santa Barbara's Municipal Strand to watch the proceedings and good-naturedly demand samples of the free feast.

The steak, despite its extraordinary diameter and thickness was tender and tasty. The saw was not necessary—but it added to the gayety of the occasion and the girls had a lot of fun slicing through the big disc of meat in the manner of lumberjacks felling a tree.

INTERNATIONAL PHOTO

The World's Hugest Hamburger Steak Was Recently Served to the Co-Ed Cheer Leaders of Santa Barbara College, in Appreciation of Their Work in Spurring On the Athletic Teams. It Contained 65 Pounds of Steak and 13 Pounds of Cheese.

Nursery Rhymes Hit Farmers

LONDON.

THE farmers of the British Isles are not harassed by their own version of an AAA suddenly thrown overboard by a ruling of the highest court in the land. They do not have to puzzle their heads with the problem of retiring marginal lands, for there isn't enough farm land in England as it is. But they have their troubles including a new one recently discovered by Mr. J. H. Wain, president of the National Farmers' Union.

At a recent meeting of ruralists, Mr. Wain spoke heatedly and at some length about the unfairness of nursery rhymes to people who make their living by working the soil. It seemed to him that the writers of these jingles had it in for the farmers and held these solid citizens up to ridicule.

"Take the doggerel about Little Bo Peep," said Mr. Wain, "and you'll find that the line 'leave them alone and they'll come home' tends to give the impression that farmers are a stupid lot who place a lot of blind trust in Providence."

Mr. Wain's fine sensibilities were offended by the implications in the rhyme about the Three Blind Mice. "It was the farmer's wife, of all people who was chased by the mice," he reminded his audience, and then he pointed out the absurdity of the story. "Why," he said, the farmer's wife would be the last person that mice would go for."

But it was the little ditty about Simple Simon that drew Mr. Wain's most strenuous protest. "Why make a simpleton out of a country boy?" he demanded. "And why make this country boy bent upon getting something for nothing? That is a fault much more frequently found in our towns and cities than in the country districts."

The assembled farmers adjourned without a resolution demanding that certain familiar nursery rhymes be rewritten.

The Lonely Man Whose Night Out Lasts Two Months

IT might seem that any man who works two months and then gets two months off with full pay has a soft snap. There is such a job in England but there's no waiting list for the position.

The photographs at the right of the page show one of the holders of this job—which is keeping the Wolf Rock lighthouse, eight miles off the southern tip of England—returning to work after a "night out" that lasted 60 days. He had a good time during the layoff, but he deserved it because the men who tend the beacon on Wolf Rock are known to mariners as "prisoners of the sea" for, except in fair weather, they can't even step a foot on the tiny island of rock on which the lighthouse was built many years ago.

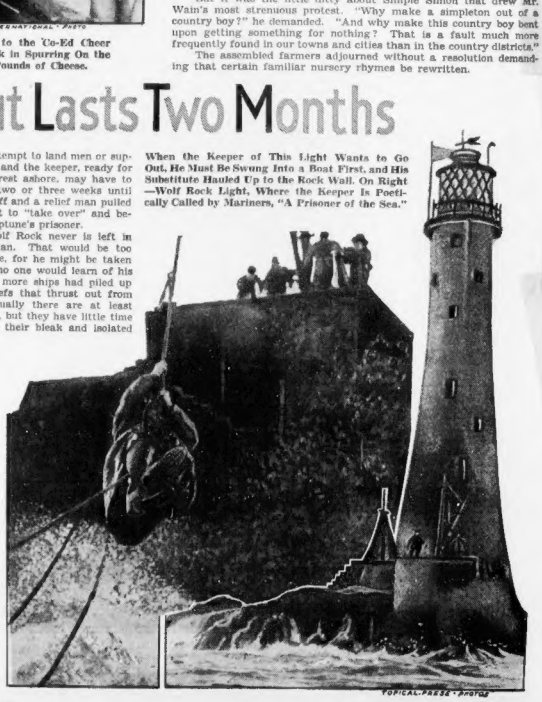
Most of the time it's a dangerous job getting on and off the rock and the homecoming lightkeeper has to be pulled from the rolling deck of a boat to the stout stone wall around the base of the lighthouse. It's a precarious undertaking and usually the man is soaked with surf before he is hoisted to a happy landing for 60 lonely days of exacting duty.

The light has to be watched constantly because Wolf Rock is one of the most dangerous spots on the English coast and at least half the time the deep-voiced fog horn has to be operated.

During the Winter months there are very few days when it is safe for even a stout cutter to attempt to land men or supplies on the rock, and the keeper, ready for his two months' rest ashore, may have to stay on the job two or three weeks until he can be taken off and a relief man pulled to the lonely post to "take over" and become, in turn, Neptune's prisoner.

Of course, Wolf Rock never is left in charge of one man. That would be too much of a gamble, for he might be taken sick, or die, and no one would learn of his fate until one or more ships had piled up on the jagged reefs that thrust out from Land's End. Usually there are at least four men on duty, but they have little time for sociability on their bleak and isolated outpost.

When the Keeper of This Light Wants to Go Out, He Must Be Swung Into a Boat First, and His Substitute Hauled Up to the Rock Wall. On Right —Wolf Rock Light, Where the Keeper Is Poetically Called by Mariners, "A Prisoner of the Sea."



TOPICAL PRESS PHOTOS

"Fancy Meeting You Here"

THE world must look like a big place to a pup only a few weeks old, and a horse undoubtedly seems monstrously large to the canine newcomer. But the pup shown in the photograph at the left took his first contact with a horse with unusual poise and the horse, a plump and slow-gaited animal that pulls a cart through the streets of a London suburb, showed a kindly consideration for the little fellow who invaded his stall.

More than one observer has remarked on the seemingly instinctive bond of friendship that exists between dogs and horses and hundreds of stories, true and fictional, have been written around the theme. In this case, however, a smart cameraman retold the old story without words. He happened to be in the stable when the pup wandered away from its mother on uncertain legs and almost ran into the old cart horse's moist nose before realizing that the stable harbored such sizable creatures.

Quickly focusing his camera, he watched the pup approach the horse and snapped the shutter at the instant the animals came together. The dog timidly smelled the horse's muzzle but did not attempt to turn tail and run. The horse adopted the big brother attitude and made no move to frighen the little visitor. He, of course, had seen dogs before. It was the pup who was having an entirely new experience and might have been excused for registering nervousness.

After this first surprise meeting the pup and the horse became the best of friends and got together for frequent "chats."

ZOIBELNAN SYNDICATE PHOTO

Amusing Camera Study of a Surprise Meeting in a Rural English Stable. The Cart Horse and the Newly-Arrived Pup Turned Out, as the Weeks Went By, To Be Inseparable Companions.

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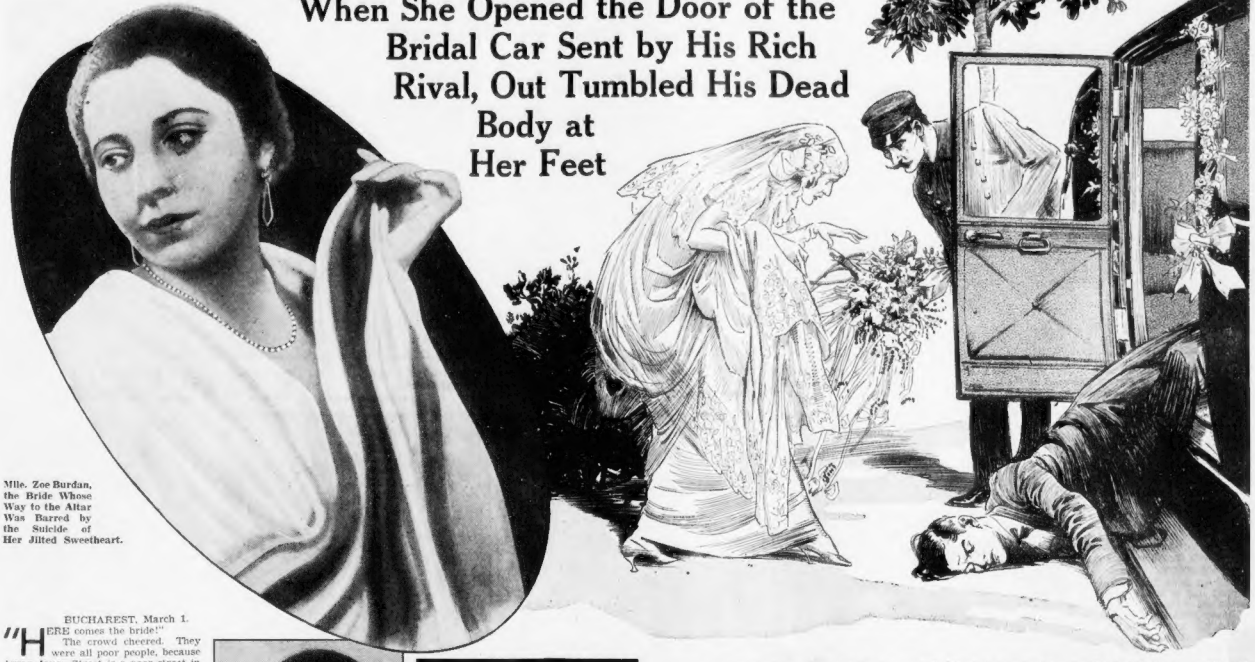
"I'll Give You a Wedding Gift No Bride Ever Got Before"

So Promised Zoe's Jilted Lover, and He Did It—For When She Opened the Door of the Bridal Car Sent by His Rich Rival, Out Tumbled His Dead Body at Her Feet



Mlle. Zoe Burdan, the Bride Whose Way to the Altar Was Barred by the Suicide of Her Jilted Sweetheart.

As the Chauffeur Opened the Door of the Bridal Automobile, the Bride Shrieked and Shrank Back, For the Body of a Man Fell Sprawling at Her White Slippered Feet. It Was the Lover Whom She Had Jilted and Who Had Promised Her a Wedding Present No Bride Had Ever Been Given. He Had Kept His Promise.

BUCHAREST, March 1.

"HERE comes the bride!"

The crowd cheered. They were all poor people, because Avran Jancu Street is a poor street in a poor quarter of this city. But they all knew the bride who was coming out of Number 20, because she was one of them, or rather had been, until this great moment in which she was stepping before their eyes from poverty to wealth.

Nobody was jealous because she was the quarter's prettiest girl and had been as good as the best. It was Cinderella of their own street, getting her reward, and they were happy that once in a while things did turn out right. Zoe Burdan, daughter of a small-salaried government clerk, was on her way to marry Constantin Blinu, high railroad official, wealthy and in the topmost society. There was his big, handsome car, decorated with a profusion of white flowers, waiting to take her to the ceremony. The bridegroom's liveried chauffeur walked just a step behind Zoe but he might as well have been an invisible man because all eyes were on the bride.

No sign of poverty there. The approaching event had cast the brightness of wealth ahead of it. She wore a gown of heavy silk, so gorgeous that the women gasped and they had heard all about that veil and knew it was priceless.

Yes, their Zoe had put on golden wings, like a blessed soul flying up to paradise. She would look right in the society-page pictures, as beautiful and resplendent as any of the other brides of wealth and prominence had looked. It was of course no secret that the bridegroom had paid for all this and a small fortune for the trousseau.

No wonder her cheeks glowed and her eyes flashed bashful but happy glances as her old friends cracked good-natured jokes at her rosy and romantic future.

They saw her as a person being lifted from every worry and grief into the luxury and security of wealth. What thorn could appear in her path of roses?

That was a question which they were to see immediately answered. The chauffeur, though still unnoticed, stepped forward and, bowing low, opened the door for his boss' future wife.

The bride bent her head to step into that bower of flowers. But she paused, her eyes wide with fright, and the chauffeur heard a terrified gasp. Raising his eyes, he saw as did everyone else, what had so startled her. Slowly and stiffly out of the car's open door, the body of a man fell sprawling at the bride's dainty, white-slippered feet. It was a young man and it was plain that there was no life left in him.

And the bride knew him.

"Theodor!" she screamed and fell unconscious across the body. The crowd saw the crumpled bride carried back to her humble home; her climb from rags to riches halted at the first step by this mysterious corpse which had intruded itself in the bridal car. Who was he? What had happened?

The police arrived, a doctor and then the distressed and mystified bridegroom, who knew how to handle sudden railroad disasters from floods, earthquakes and other "acts of God" but not this in his own private life. He could not even take charge of the situation, but found himself a mere witness being questioned by the police.

"Silence!" they commanded. "The woman is talking." From the bed on which she had never expected to lie again the bride was babbling in a sort of delirium.

"Theodor," she moaned, "don't frighten me. Don't make me think you are dead. Speak to me—I didn't think it meant so much. Look at me. If you will look at me I won't do it. I won't marry him. I promise I won't, if you won't die."

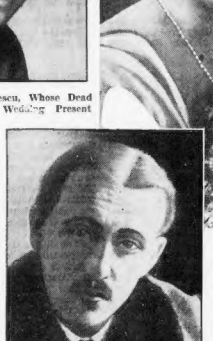
Later she returned to consciousness and hysterics but the authorities did not question her much. The mystery was quickly cleared up, mostly from other sources.

The dead man was Theodor Gheorghescu, a young medical student. Zoe, then 17, had met the youth in his first year at the medical college and they had fallen in love. He was fully as poor as herself, but that did not worry him because he knew he had success in him and so did everyone else at the college. It would only be a matter of years before he was a celebrated toxicologist. Zoe, with woman's instinctive dread of the passage of time, wanted to know just how long, and gradually realized that it would be many years before he could hope to marry her.

Theodor Gheorghescu, Whose Dead Body Was His Wedding Present to His Old Sweetheart.

Mme. Massart, the Bride Who Spent Her Wedding Night Beside the Bed of Her Husband's Dying Ex-Mistress.

Mlle. Gilberte Sergy, Who Killed Herself Like Zoe's Lover On Her Sweetheart's Wedding Day.



Constantin Blinu, the Rich and Successful Suitor Whose Wedding Was Postponed by the Strange "Wedding Gift."

Three years passed. He would receive his diploma soon, but, even so, unless he dropped his ambitions to be a famous specialist and became a practicing physician, the wedding day was not in sight. His widowed mother had barely enough income to live on, which forced him to tutor children and pick up money wherever he could to pay his tuition.

Zoe argued vainly with Theodor and her family argued with her. Her younger brothers and sisters were growing up and becoming too much for the father's small salary. Girls marry young in Rumania and youth and beauty do not last forever. Finally the parents said she must either marry someone who could support a wife or she must get a job. Theodor was deeply concerned, and equally relieved, when, after a few weeks, his fiancee found employment in the railway offices.

"That settles it," he cried joyfully, little dreaming how truly he spoke. "You are smart, you will get along, just as I get along."

One day she was told to carry a report to Mr. Blinu, a great personage whom she had never seen but who she knew inhabited one of the inner sanctums. Being just a messenger not responsible for the report, she was not afraid of the lean-faced executive with the keen eye. But for a little gray around his temples she would have thought him in his thirties rather than his forties.

Blinu glanced through the report and to Zoe's surprise and the hostile astonishment of his own secretary, he discussed it with her and finally asked her to find out several things from various people. On her return Blinu talked with Zoe quite a while and behind him the secretary glared balefully until he told the blonde thundercloud that she could go out to lunch.

Why men fall in love is not to be explained, yet all men are forced to explain the phenomenon to the women who bring it about. Blinu's theory was that he would never marry a fashionable society girl because he had found them all vain, silly and selfish, tremendously busy doing nothing of consequence—but Zoe was different. Would she marry him? The girl was silent a moment, her head in a whirl, and then she shook it.

"Intelligent, cautious girl," approved Blinu. "You do not know me well enough. I won't ask you again for a month. Meanwhile we will get better acquainted."

Also meanwhile her family laid down the law. That impractical genius Theodor might not be in a financial position to marry for another ten years and by that time might turn to some younger girl. She would either accept this wealthy and respected man or they would put her out of the house, disowned.

So Zoe told Blinu no a couple of times and then yes. The girl's love, already strained by waiting, rapidly transferred itself from the medical student to the older man, but apparently not quite all. She avoided Theodor for some time, but finally had to write the truth and ask him not to stand in the way of her happiness. Tne interview that followed was painful. When she had steadfastly refused all his pleas, he finally seemed resigned, but his last words kept rising uneasily in her mind. They were:

"I'll give you a wedding gift no bride ever got before!"

She knew him well enough not to fear that he meant violence to her, but what was he going to give her? It was cause for relief that the wedding day arrived without any word from her jilted lover, but the lack of any previous hint of tragedy made the sudden appearance of his corpse all the more grisly and shocking.

The autopsy showed death from cyanide and the almost empty bottle was found in the car.

It was not until she told them of those last words that the authorities understood why, just over his heart Theodor had painted with nitrate of silver, a monogram of Zoe's initials, just as they would have been engraved on a present of gold or silver. His dead body was his wedding present, duly engraved and delivered at the bride's feet.

How that ghastly present got into the car was regretfully revealed by the chauffeur. On the morning of the wedding, Theodor had introduced himself to the chauffeur while the florist was decorating the car. He said he was a cousin of the bride, who had written him in far-off Argentine of the wedding and wished he could attend. It happened, he said, that he was really in Rome and the letter had been forwarded just in time for him to arrive that morning. Would the chauffeur allow him to ride to the house in the car and surprise the bride?

He gave the chauffeur a glimpse of several letters in a handwriting he easily recognized and which with a tip, the equivalent of $10, convinced the chauffeur that Theodor was genuine. He had allowed him to ride in the car to the house and then forgotten the man until his body tumbled at the bride's feet.

In fiction, people who drink cyanide are supposed to drop dead before they have time to set the glass down. In reality there is often from one to two minutes between the swallowing and the onset of the death spasm. The police believe that Theodor, with the bottle in his hand, waited until, peering between the flowers, he saw the girl he loved appear in the doorway, arrayed in Blinu's finery and smiling happily. He then swallowed what he knew was a lethal dose. The brief and dreadful death agony probably occurred just before she reached the car and he fell out at the end of it.

He could not have timed his suicide more perfectly for his purpose.

A formal notice states that the wedding has been indefinitely postponed. Whether this means forever or that time will heal the bride's wounded nervous system is something to guess about. However, Constantin Blinu is working hard as a one-man wrecking crew to get his derailed romance back on the track and going again toward its terminal—the church.

But Theodor's idea was not quite so original as he thought. In Paris, from which most of the bride's still-unused trousseau had come, a jilted woman did much the same thing. In 1924, M. Amand Massart, champion swordsman and one of the leading theatrical directors of Paris, married an American heiress, Miss Ruth Brandeis, of Omaha, Nebraska. In this case the ceremony had been performed and the bridal couple were entertaining a large number of eminent guests at a celebration dinner when a servant whispered something which caused the host to go to the telephone in another room.

He returned looking as if he had seen a ghost and in a shaken voice told the guests that something tragic had happened and that he must leave them for a while. The bride put her arms on his shoulders and insisted on knowing what it was. When he told her she agreed that he might leave the wedding party, but said she must go with him.

Together they hurried to the apartment of an actress, Gilberte Sergy, who for many years had been the sweetheart of M. Massart until he had broken the affair off to marry the American girl. The frightened maid who had telephoned let them in and the doctor informed them that the poison the actress had taken had worked to a point that nothing could be done to save her.

However, she took nearly all night to die. And all that night, sometimes conscious, sometimes in delirium, the actress clung to her lost lover's hands, pouring out words of love.

On the other side of the bedroom door stood the bride, in all her wedding finery, weeping in sympathy for the woman who could not and would not live without him.

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When The Stork Visits Mr. and Mrs. Humming Bird

The Humming Bird's Nest, Made of Fluff From a Cottonwood Tree Is Cleverly Concealed in the Branches of an Apple Tree. Two Baby Birds Are In It.

A Few Days After the First Photo Was Taken, the Youngsters Are Able to Hold Their Heads Up Over the Edge, in Expectancy of Food From Their Mother.

The Food Problem Is Now Being Taken Care Of in Expert Fashion.

A. Marshall Photo

The Youngsters, Sometime Later Begin to Feel the Urge of Adventure. The Big World Outside Beckons and It's Nearly Time to Leave the Nest.

THE humming bird is one of the smallest, busiest and shyest creatures of its kind and few good close-ups of it have been taken. That's why the series of intimate family portraits reproduced on this page is rare and remarkable.

They were taken in Colton, California, by a photographer who had the extraordinary luck to be standing beneath an apple tree at the moment when a faint squeaking attracted his attention to what looked like a small ball of fluff on a branch about 10 feet above the ground.

Half an hour later the squeaking stopped and a female humming bird darted out of the object toward a nearby flower garden. The intruder shinned up the tree and found a nest cleverly made of cottonwood catkins. In the bottom of the nest were two eggs, each about the size of a pea.

Fifteen days later the eggs hatched and two featherless creatures, no bigger than a good-sized bumble bee, arrived to begin life—and be photographed as none of their relatives ever were before.

Days before the newcomers cracked the shells of their little eggs, the cameraman was ready for them. He had fastened his camera to the top of a ladder so that the lens was only about 20 inches from the nest. The first picture—the one at the extreme left of the page—was made when the birds were four days old.

The remaining six pictures were taken a few days apart and cover a period of three weeks. They show the youngsters demanding meals of nectar, being fed by their nervous but faithful mother, getting ready for their first flights and, finally, the deserted nest.

A Bit of Preparatory Testing of the Wings Is Next, Just Before the Growing Babies Get Ready to Make Their First Flight.

This One Was a Little Backward and Was Left Alone, But It Won't Be Long Before He Takes Wing to Follow His Brother.

And Here's the Nest, Vacated, and the End of the Story of the Baby Birds' Growth—and the End of Mother's Problem.

The little birds registered no fear of the photographer or his camera. While he stood on top of the ladder and clicked the shutter they preened themselves, stretched their diminutive wings and blinked their eyes.

But the mother bird had little use for him. With instinctive maternal courage she made repeated attacks on the camera and on the cameraman's head. She would stay with the youngsters as long as possible between feedings, to protect them from what she thought was danger, but she knew the necessity of filling their crops and it was when she was scouting for nectar in the flower garden that the photographer took most of his pictures.

When it came time for her youngsters to try their wings she again attempted to get rid of the camera and its operator, but when she found this impossible she went ahead with her flying lessons. One of the small birds was a better pupil than the other. He imitated his mother when she rapidly agitated her wings and, about fifteen days after he cracked out of the egg, managed to fly from the nest to a branch higher up in the apple tree. Awkwardly, but with no crackups, he made flights in the vicinity of the tree until his mother was satisfied that he could shift for himself.

The other birdlet was not so smart. Timidly he'd stand on the rim of the nest and flutter his wings. But he wasn't as strong as his brother and didn't have nearly so much courage. His mother squeaked at him, but she didn't give up. Two days after the stronger youngster had learned to fly, the other member of the menage finally got up his nerve and fluttered to a branch a foot or two above the nest. From then on he made speedy progress and, on the eighteenth day after he was born, flew away with his mother and his brother.

The Housefly That Would Need a Whole Room All To Himself

THE best known and worst-hated insect pest is the common housefly, against which the human race has been waging war for a long time. The war is far from won, but scientists have amassed a lot of useful information about the enemy and have passed this knowledge on to people everywhere.

In order that the general public may appreciate just what an ugly and dangerous foe the housefly is, many heroic-sized figures of the pest have been fabricated and put on exhibition. One of the best of these magnified models of what the scientists call "Musca domestica" is shown in the photograph at the right. This homely and harmless fellow recently was the center of attraction at an exhibition staged at the University of Minnesota. He couldn't buzz and he couldn't thrust his busy proboscis at anybody, but the model did give a lot of people an entirely new conception of an insect that has caused countless deaths, and made great areas of the world much less comfortable to live in than they might be.

The big model shows plainly the fly's oversize head, with eyes that are as efficient as they are numerous. It is these eyes that makes it possible for the insect to see in all directions at once and to so skilfully avoid swipes of the swatter. The model also shows the fly's truly remarkable legs by which he can travel at high speed, for his size, and walk as well upside down as right-side-up.

In careful detail the powerful wings are worked out and it is easy to see why the pest is capable of such amazing maneuvers when he takes off from a lump of sugar or a piece of pie to find some other bit of food to eat and befoul.

Anyone who thinks that the little housefly—normally about a quarter of an inch long—is not the public enemy he has been painted has only to look at the record, as political candidates put it. Painstaking surveys have established that at least 30 dangerous diseases are carried about by flies and that many an epidemic has been started by the winged nuisances. Conservative estimates show that the yearly economic loss caused by the housefly is more than $100,000,000, enough money to build a whole flock of schoolhouses—or a fleet of battleships.

If housefies grew as large as the one that would need a whole room to itself, they probably would have taken over a considerable area of the world long since, for they are unbelievably prolific breeders. Scientific checkups of the situation have shown that the progeny of a single female fly and her descendants in the short period of four months runs into billions of insects. Even one billion hungry and germ-carrying monsters like the one displayed at the University of Minnesota would constitute a menace that all the fighting planes in the world would find it difficult, if not impossible, to contend with.

It is likely that the accurate and enlarged likeness of "Musca domestica" shown in the picture below will do a lot of traveling in the next year or two so that people in various sections of the country can get a graphic idea of an insect that has raised hob with human comfort and health for a long time. Scientists who know all about the fly, its habits and its powers of evil will go along with the model and deliver lectures. In these talks they will explain the most efficient ways of combating the pest and preventing it from contaminating food and spreading sickness.

The Government recently built an animated mechanical model of a fly which will be used as ammunition in the war against one of the most numerous and dangerous insects.

Nona Reed, a New Favorite of Parisian Theatre-Goers Who Is Making Quite a Hit With Her Three-Faced Dancing. The Trick Is Done With Two Masks.

The Dancer With 3 Faces

PARIS.

THE French Capital may not be quite the sparkling, carefree metropolis it was in the days before the World War. Some of its famous shops and its celebrated "hot spots" may have lost a lot of their onetime tinsel glamor. But the show goes on, despite the depression, the political unrest and the persistent wars and rumors of war, and the natives and the tourists still can find diverting ways to put in an evening.

The night clubs scattered along the banks of the Seine are as clever as ever at finding and offering to the francs-spending pleasure seekers all sorts of bizarre dancing acts. The owners of these establishments comb the world for something "different." Terpsichorean turns that are so imaginative and unusual that they will keep the customers coming, hard times or not.

One of the most popular dancers in Paris at the moment is Nona Reed who, by a simple device, manages to give the impression that she is three performers instead of one. As the photograph at the left shows, she creates this illusion by augmenting the attractive face with which she was born with two masks worn on the sides of her head.

No matter how Mlle. Reed turns, the patrons at the tables find her "facing" them and as she wheels among the tables it seems to them—especially if they have taken freely of the fermented juice of the grape—that they are being entertained by a triple personality.

The dancer's own face is pleasant enough, but the masks are not reproductions of her natural expression. One of them is seductively evil, a sort of cold-blooded siren's face, and the other is tragically imbecilic.

Of course, Mlle. Reed has worked out a skilful routine to go with her three faces and her graceful and shapely body adapts itself to whatever face she is presenting to the spectators. It's a good trick and, as they say on Broadway, it packs 'em in.

WIDE WORLD PHOTO

Miss Gretchen Trageser, of Minneapolis, Posing With the Giant Model of the Housefly at the University of Minnesota Where Students Make Quite a Study of Pestiferous Insects.

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Matrimonial Mix-ups of the Merry Millionaire Manvilles

Sister Lorraine Starts Out on Brother Tommy's Path by Eloping With Husband Number 2, While He and Mrs. Tommy Number 4 Prepare the Way for a Possible Mrs. Tommy Number 5

Mr. Thomas F. Manville, Jr., Having a Pleasant Conversation Over the Telephone.

Photo Edward Thayer Monroe

Mrs. Manville No. 3, Avonne Taylor, Follies Girl, Who "Didn't Click With My Friends and My Family," So Mr. Manville Sadly Complained.

The Present Mrs. Manville, (No. 4) Marcelle Edwards, Who "Had Everything," Mr. Manville Said, When They Were Married, and, In Addition, May Soon Have a Divorce.

Mrs. Lorraine Manville Gould Aldao, the Much Married Tommy's Sister, Whose Elopement With a Rich Argentinian Is the Latest of the Manville Matrimonial Surprises.

Mrs. Manville No. 2, Who Had Been Tommy's Father's Secretary.

The First Mrs. Manville, a Follies Girl.

WHILE Thomas F. Manville, the asbestos heir, was being divorced at Reno, as people thought, by his fourth wife, his pretty "baby" sister, Lorraine, was marrying her second husband, Camilo Aldao, wealthy Argentinian and descended from the founder of Buenos Aires.

No matter how many more marriages and divorces Tommy may achieve, Lorraine can easily beat his record if she likes. Not only is she younger and, with her $7,500,000, about as rich, but she has other advantages. Every time her brother steps off the marry-go-round it costs him a large slice of alimony. Lorraine, being a wife, can have as many husbands, one at a time, as she pleases without paying anything to any of them. She may even make a profit on them.

Her first husband, though he bore the wealthy name of Jay Gould was really Clarence Gould, and had only an actor's salary when she married him. It is hardly likely that this rich girl wed him as a meal ticket, yet in her divorce she charged him with non-support. He couldn't very well support an heiress of that calibre or pay her alimony, but the present husband is so much richer than Lorraine that no doubt things can be better arranged.

Lorraine is probably smarter than her brother, and as a playgirl should be able to beat his playboy record, if she chooses. For instance, when Tommy was reported to have handed a Follies girl a check for $250,000 and then married her, too, he won much publicity for his lavishness. As a Broadway wag put it:

"Marriage is punishment enough without fining himself, too."

Yet Lorraine, for a paltry $1,000, made herself appear to be the most extravagant person in all New York, creating universal astonishment and much wider publicity. All she did was to appear at the opening night of the Metropolitan Opera season, with not merely one box in the "golden horseshoe," but three. It turned out that she really had paid for only two, but had a *sort* of option on the third.

The genius of this gesture lay in the fact that while the bluest-blooded rich are in evidence at the opera, for some reason they do not splurge there by showing how many boxes they can rent any more than they do in church by trying to corner all the pews. Because the thing isn't done, it attracted almost as much attention as if she had appeared at the yacht races in three steam yachts. P. T. Barnum couldn't have done better than that.

The odd part about all of this is that Lorraine insists she has a horror of publicity, and has been known to talk for hours about her desire to keep her name out of the newspapers. When it was explained to her that only people who do interesting things continually get their names in print, she wailed:

"But I never do anything interesting!"

While it is true that nothing she has done so far is a match for the career of her lively brother, some people seem to think that practically everything she does is interesting. She is probably quite sincere and serious about her aversion to publicity, but she certainly has a unique way of avoiding it.

Another one of her individual traits, which may or may not be due to her desire to be inconspicuous, is to carry along her own linen and table service when she goes abroad. Her friends say she does this so she can surround herself with a nice homelike atmosphere when dining in hotels, thus offsetting the impersonal feeling of public eating places. In New York, when she gives a party she often sends the guests home in her two $20,000 automobiles, and this, too, is perhaps a very good way to keep herself from being talked about.

On the other hand, no one has ever accused Tommy of trying to keep his name out of the papers. Since youth, his batting average has been high, and it seems to be getting better as he goes along. As reported by the newspapers, the score of the matrimonial series he has been playing with Marcelle, his fourth wife, is as follows:

1933.

October 8—Married Marcelle.

1934.

January 9—Separation reported.

January 11—Back together again and off on a second honeymoon.

April 10—Marcelle calls game on account of "threatening weather," and takes a "vacation" from Tommy.

April 18—She returns and Tommy welcomes her back with orchids.

September 22—Game called with an announcement from Tommy that he will not be responsible for her debts. He engages a divorce lawyer.

1935.

June 20—Marcelle makes unsuccessful effort to raid his apartment.

June 22—Needing a "vacation" himself, Tommy sails for Europe.

July 16—Back home, Tommy determined to get a divorce.

July 23—Again he advertises he will not pay her debts.

August 6—Marcelle files separation suit in New York.

August 23—They stage return engagement, start on new honeymoon.

1936.

January 14—Marcelle off for Reno.

February 11—Marcelle returns from Reno, and says she just went there for the skiing. Tommy reported to have wired her: "Come home to papa."

But what is the matter with Mr. Tommy Manville that with all his wealth and leisure he has failed to get along with four wives? Nothing at all, according to his sporty, Broadway friends who regard him as a typical sample of the free-spending rich, in contrast to what they call the "penurious rich." The penurious type never buys anything new until the old fails to pieces on them.

Mr. Manville isn't that way at all. He wants the newest and best in everything and is willing to pay for it. He says, himself, that the trouble with marriage is that it is so easy, quick and cheap to get into, but slow, hard and expensive to get out of. Where would the automobile industry be if somebody had to spend six weeks in Reno every time a new car is bought? If he does not like a new car Tommy will get rid of it in a few days or weeks and the same way with a wife. He quit his third wife after only a 34-day tryout because he said her high-hat way of talking annoyed him. Yet this was the one on whom he is said to have had made that $250,000 down payment, Avonne Taylor.

All his wives except the second, who was his father's secretary, Lois Arlene McColin, were Follies beauties. Lois, who seems to have really loved the playboy and saved him from being disinherited, did not want to step aside for the expensive Avonne, but gave this explanation of why Tommy can never be happy long in any marriage:

"It's the fault of the other women. Wherever he goes, one of them starts to work on him."

Marcelle Edwards, his very latest wife, before stepping into her plane for Reno, expounded this theory:

"It is just that he has done everything and had everything, including so many wives and other possessions, that a wife is just another woman around the place. I bore him now, but so do all women very quickly. If he marries again what would it mean? Just another wife, another bore, another nuisance to be abated."

Once when Mr. Manville was asked if he thought matrimonial success was still just around the corner, he replied:

"I must be marrying the wrong kind and ought to experiment with some entirely different type, next time."

"Then there will be a next time," was suggested and Tommy answered:

"Maybe one more, maybe 20. Why not, if I am interested enough? It is as good a hobby and about as expensive to see if there is a woman in the world who would be pleasant to have around indefinitely, as trying to climb Mount Everest or fly to the South Pole."

Each wife holds some pet grievance against Manville, but it seems to have been forgiven if not forgotten. Florence Huber, the Follies girl he married when a boy of seventeen, while his father was in Europe, remained his wife for ten years. Somebody cabled the asbestos "king," that the heir apparent was taking to himself a crown princess. Back came the rock wool magnate on the first fast boat—but the fatal words had been spoken.

Papa Manville disinherited his son, dispossessed him and his bride from their apartment and started annulment proceedings. Tommy got a job as a rich man's chauffeur and told his father that as fast as the ceremony was annulled in one State he would remarry in another. The father offered the bride $50,000 cash for a divorce. The Follies beauty scorned it.

After ten years of fights and reconciliations, she thought she might as well accept the proposition.

"Too late!" answered the father-in-law. So she had to divorce Tommy for nothing because at that time the young man had no money of his own.

Lois, the second wife, was a demure, little, serious-minded secretary to his father. Tommy gave her no notice except an occasional, playful pat as he passed, but even these small favors caused the girl's eyes to shine and her cheeks to glow for some time. Often the father asked his son:

"Why don't you marry a worthwhile girl like Lois, instead of running after those painted-up hussies?"

Tommy laughed at the idea until one day he suddenly acted on it. His father was on his deathbed and it happened to be during one of the frequent intervals when the playboy had been thrown out of the will. When the dying man heard the good news he called the lawyers, reinheriting Tommy.

This was in 1925, and after the funeral the lonely bride saw precious little of her husband. On Christmas Day, 1926, she read in the paper his notice that he would no longer be responsible for her debts. That cruel Christmas card hurt her feelings so dreadfully that she realized she might as well accept his divorce proposition. But she is still waiting in hope that he will ask her to come back.

"Bah!" says Tommy. "I never loved her. Funny she still thinks she loves me."

Number Three was Avonne Taylor, of the Follies who, though she got hers in advance, is perhaps the sorest lady of them all. On the 34th day after the ceremony, Tommy deserted and told his friends he had written her off as a total loss.

"I can't stand her high-hat talk," he complained. "She now calls the druggist, a chemist; any kind of steak a filet mignon and even a big cup of breakfast coffee a demi-tasse, all pronounced with a heavy London accent.

"I wouldn't mind if it was real, but it is phony. She has listened to some of those films where they make the characters blather around, talking British English, that nobody can understand. Out in the sticks they think that is aristocratic, but a city woman ought to know better."

Miss Taylor also did not like Manville's imposing home because it suggested the ghosts of other romances.

"I cawn't have anything second-hand, you know," he says she said and that he replied:

"Oh, cawn't you? Well, you're getting me third hand and I'm getting you the same, with your two previous husbands—so forget it."

After that came the divorce terms.

The fourth wife and third Follies graduate, was Marcelle Edwards who, Tommy told the world, was at last the girl with whom he could and would live happily ever after. The marriage lasted about two years, full of separations, with the fault-finding and complaints he says all on Marcelle's side. She insisted on making a fuss every time he took leave of absence. But after an absence of 24 hours to a few weeks he would be forgiven.

What seemed to be the final break came when for the sake of variety she had been the one to walk out. A few days later, in a conciliatory mood, she returned with two of her theatrical friends to find that her key no longer worked in the apartment door. Marcelle rang the bell until finally her husband's voice asked who was there.

"I am here," said Marcelle, sweetly, "and I have brought two friends."

"Nothing doing," growled Tommy. "I am taking a bath. Next time phone you are coming and now beat it!"

So the next time they met was in a lawyer's office to talk about a separation, which was arranged.

Then Marcelle went to Reno—everybody thought to start divorce proceedings. But not long ago she came back without having started them. Maybe by the time this article appears, Tommy and Marcelle will be reconciled again. Maybe they will have been reconciled two or three times. And maybe they will be definitely on the road to divorce.

And maybe Tommy's baby sister, Lorraine, will be on her way to a third husband. It is extremely difficult for even the fastest printing presses to keep up with these matrimonial mix-ups of the merry marrying Manvilles.

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How The Rural Doctor Captured A Desperado

A GENTLE, soft-spoken country doctor was sitting in his office one evening, looking out upon the Pennsylvania countryside and deciding to retire for the night.

Suddenly he heard an insistent and loud knocking at his door. It sounded as though there was an emergency case in the offing and he rushed to open the door. On his doorstep stood two young boys, William Brewer and Oliver Karns, both of the town of Benton, both twelve years old, and both well known to the doctor.

The lads were out of breath. They told him that they had seen a car crash into a bridge wall a few blocks away and that they thought the doctor better hurry over and help the injured driver. The doctor went with the boys to the scene of the accident and found the driver unconscious, his head jammed against a door post.

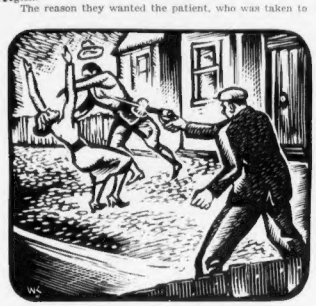
With the help of the two boys, Dr. William Confair took the victim to his office where the physician began a routine examination. As he went over the injured man's body, he felt something hard which turned out to be an automatic pistol.

Immediately Dr. Confair grew suspicious. He looked at the unconscious man's face but he saw no resemblance in it to any famous gangster or criminal. However, he immediately bound the man's hands with adhesive tape, tied his legs together with a leather belt, and administered a hypodermic injection.

Then Dr. Confair went to the telephone and called the State police at the sub-station in Bloomsburg, Pennsylvania, twenty miles south of Benton. When Corporal Robert Frick and two troopers arrived at Dr. Confair's office minutes later, they immediately identified the doctor's prisoner as no other than a gentleman whose face had been appearing in the local newspapers and on posters of the region, accompanied by the statement: "$500 reward for his capture dead or alive."

Thus Dr. Confair unwittingly captured a man for whom the police of three States had been spreading a network since October with no success. And so it was that on December 29 Dr. Confair was able to produce for the police in his own office the man for whom they had been uselessly searching all the mountain cabins and hideouts of the region.

The reason they wanted the patient, who was taken to



Shaffer Recognized Bloom Talking With His Sister. He Drew His Gun and Fired. One of the Bullets Killed the Girl Instantly.

the Shamokin Hospital, is that he is no other than David Shaffer, a thirty-year-old fugitive desperado of the coal mine region, wanted for the killing of his own sister, Bertha, and the critical wounding of a State Trooper. William Bloom, on October 12, 1935, in Shamokin, Pa.

David Shaffer is not just an ordinary criminal who has one or two misdemeanors to his credit. When he was eighteen, he was sentenced to his first term; he was sentenced to serve from three to six years for holding up a store in Shamokin. His mother and father spent their savings to win his release and he was granted a pardon. But a few months later, he was in trouble again. He gained great notoriety as the "Saturday night kid" for his holdups of stores on Saturday nights. He was jailed again in 1929.

In October the police were looking for Shaffer again, because he had been indulging in holdups in a very daring fashion. On October 12, William Bloom, the crackshot of Troop C, was waiting for him in Shamokin. Bloom was in street clothes chatting with Bertha Shaffer, David's twenty-year-old sister. David had just been visiting his fiancée.

As David Shaffer left his fiancee and walked up the street, he recognized Bloom talking to his sister. Shaffer drew his gun and fired three shots; one of them killed his sister immediately, and the other two paralyzed Bloom.

After he killed his sister, he lived a hunted life, making his way from Shamokin to Williamsport, then on to Detroit and finally as far west as Nebraska. Shaffer fled from one place to another but managed to elude the police. His last escapade was to steal the machine in which he was riding from a man he asked for a lift.

The driver had mistaken Shaffer for an ordinary hitchhiker and picked him up. But after a mile or so, Shaffer turned on him with a gun, made him stop the car, and get out. Then he drove away in a great hurry.

His mistake was driving at top speed in a car with which he was not familiar. The brakes were not as good as they should have been, but Shaffer did not know that, and he did not slow down to test them.

Driving over a road he had not traveled before, he came tearing down a hill. At the foot was a sharp curve that led to the bridge approach. Before he realized it, the car was in the curve, and too late to save himself, he discovered that the brakes would not hold. The car swerved around and crashed head on into the bridge wall.

When Shaffer awoke from the dose of morphine which Dr. Confair had given him, he at first refused to admit his identity to the troopers. But he finally confessed and admitted that he had killed his sister and shot Corporal William Bloom, who is still in a hospital, paralyzed from the waist down as the result of a shattered spine.

"I'm sorry I killed her," the police quoted Shaffer as saying. "But she stepped in the line of fire."

Shaffer expressed no regret about having shot the trooper. The reward of $500 for Shaffer's capture will be given to Dr. Confair who declared he will divide it with the boys who found the injured man.

Thus a country doctor stumbled upon a criminal for whom the police had been unsuccessfully searching for months.

Helpless Woman In Terror Four Days As Killer Stalked Cabin

WHEN Ira Allen, Northland trapper, left his comely 25-year-old housekeeper and her five-year-old son in his lonely log cabin on the northern shore of Lake Athabaska, Canada, and started on a tour of his extensive trap line recently, he did not realize that the pair would endure four days and nights of terror, fearful of a violent death, before he saw them again. But that was the case and the story of the terrifying adventure of Mrs. Anne Lindgren, the housekeeper, forms another grim chapter in the history of the Canadian North.

Allen's dog team was scarcely out of sight and the echo of his "mush! mush!" had just died in the bitterly cold northern air, sparkling like diamond dust with frozen moisture particles, when Mrs. Lindgren had two visitors. They were rival trappers and Allen's nearest neighbors —John Harms, 65, who had come to the North three years ago from Colorado, where he had been a deputy sheriff, and his partner, Johnny Anthony, 31.

Harms had been drinking. His brain muddled with bush homebrew, he recalled that Mrs. Lindgren had refused to dance with him when both had attended a party at a distant settlement some time before. Upbraiding the woman for being "cold" to him, he started to force his attentions upon her. Anthony interfered, ordering his partner to behave himself like a gentleman. After some argument, the two trappers left for their own cabin, two miles away.

Mrs. Lindgren Withstood the Crazed Man's Siege Four days, With the Doors of Her Cabin Barred. Fresh Terror Seized Her When Harms Built a Fire Outside.

The short sub-Arctic day was drawing to a close in the early afternoon when Mrs. Lindgren heard a rap on her door. It was Harms, alone.

"The kid's been hurt, badly. Can you come and help him?" pleaded Harms. Mrs. Lindgren hesitated, dubious about accompanying the man after his behavior of the morning. Harms repeated his plea and Mrs. Lindgren remembered the code of the North that stresses aid to the injured.

Pulling a parka over her head and tucking her little son in the furs of Harms' sledge, she started off with the trapper.

They soon reached the cabin and Harms entered it first, lighting an oil lamp on the rough board table. As he did, he slipped drunkenly in a pool of blood on the floor.

A terrified scream died in Mrs. Lindgren's throat. There on the floor, illuminated by the murky yellow light of a flickering oil lamp, lay the body of Johnny Anthony, a gunshot wound in his head.

Mrs. Lindgren turned to flee, seizing her son in her arms. With a wild laugh, Harms ordered her to stop and fired a shot when she continued running.

It was pitch dark and as Harms leaped for his dog team, Mrs. Lindgren realized he would soon overtake her on the trail. She turned aside and hid in deep brush as Harms, lashing his dogs into a wild pace, dashed past.

For a long time she and the child crouched in their hiding place—she doesn't remember how long—until the sub-zero temperature forced her to move or freeze to death.

Approaching her cabin cautiously, she found Harms some distance from it, sound asleep in his sledge. The dogs recognized her and did not raise an alarm as she crept past.

Mrs. Lindgren barred and barricaded the door and tiny windows of her stoutly-built log cabin and laid out two skinning knives, weapons with which she had determined to defend her life desperately.

A few hours later Harms awoke and commenced his efforts to gain entry to the cabin. According to Mrs. Lindgren, he staggered about and lit a fire outside to keep himself warm. This brought fresh terror to the besieged woman who was fearful Harms might try to set fire to the house.

While the northern lights hung eerie green curtains of fire in the heavens, Harms maintained his siege for four days and nights. Once he left, shouting to the terror-stricken woman that he was going for "more booze." In his absence, Mrs. Lindgren ventured outside for snow to melt for water. She snatched winks of sleep between times when Harms would batter on the doors and windows.

After 96 hours, he left, shouting: "Tell the police I will be waiting for them on Singed Dog Island."

A few hours later, Allen returned to find his housekeeper prostrated with terror. He quickly put her and the child in a sledge and started for a cannery, 26 miles east.

There Allen encountered Stanley Wylie, Hudson's Bay Company trader, with a fresh dog team and Wylie turned about for a 90-mile dash to a mining camp at Goldfields where there was a radio.

A radio message was flashed from Goldfields to the nearest Royal Canadian Mounted Police post at Fort Chipewyan. As it happened, no airplanes were available at either Fort Chipewyan or Goldfields. This did not deter Sergeant Pat Vernon, daring young chief of the Fort Chipewyan post, who, accompanied by a native interpreter, started an epic two-day dash by dog team over rough ice and deep snow on the rocky north shore of Lake Athabaska.

A blizzard added to their difficulties as they mushed on snow shoes with their dog team.

It is 90 miles from Fort Chipewyan to Singed Dog Island, at the northwestern corner of Saskatchewan, near the Northwest Territory's boundary, and Sergeant Vernon was prepared for a gun battle as a climax to an arduous trip.

While Sergeant Vernon was struggling on through the fresh snow toward Singed Dog Island, an airplane from another post arrived at Goldfields. As soon as the pilot, Lewis Leigh, heard of the manhunt he volunteered to go to Vernon's assistance.

He only had room in his plane for one passenger, and since it was his plan to try to pick up Vernon somewhere between Fort Chipewyan and Singed Dog Island he could not take anyone with him.

It was known that Harms was an expert rifle shot, and everyone thought he must have a good supply of ammunition. In all probability he had barricaded himself in the cabin and was prepared for a siege. So the chances of the sergeant getting him out without assistance were slim.

As for the native interpreter, he would not be much help if it came to a battle, and everyone felt sure that was what it would be. Furthermore, at the end of a 90-mile journey through the blizzard, Vernon would be exhausted and that would give Harms a distinct advantage over him.

Out in the snow, Vernon would be a good target for the man barricaded in the cabin. After nightfall, he might try to rush the cabin and break in before Harms could shoot him. But Harms was desperate, and in such a case, it would be nip and tuck between them.

On account of all of this, everyone was greatly relieved when Pilot Leigh offered to go to Vernon's aid. Loading up his plane with rifles and ammunition, Leigh set out for Singed Dog Island.

On sighting the cabin, he circled around it several times. Nowhere were there any signs of life, and that made him all the more certain that Harms was ready to fight to the finish.

Turning about, Leigh flew his plane in the direction of Fort Chipewyan, but he had only gone a few miles when he saw two men and a dog sled toiling through the snow. He made a landing, and as he expected, these two men turned out to be Vernon and the guide. Leaving the guide to follow with the dog team, Vernon and Leigh took off in the plane, and made a landing near the cabin.

They were just about to separate, one to approach the cabin from one side and one from the other, when they saw the door open. They raised their rifles, but before they had time to fire Harms waved a white cloth.

Harms said he and Anthony had a drunken quarrel over the possession of a mink skin, and that he fired the fatal shot when his young partner tried to choke him. But the jury that tried him the other day found him guilty of murder, and he was sentenced to be hanged.

No Disgrace If Your Ancestors Were Hanged

IF YOU have an ancestor who was hanged for sheep stealing, don't hang your own head in shame.

"It's no disgrace; it's only history!"

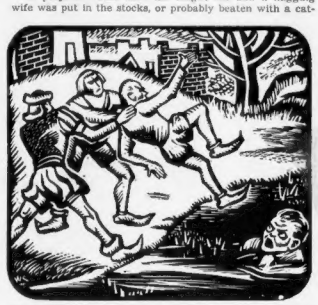
This startling statement was not made by Dr. J. J. Talman, famous Canadian archivist and expert on early American and Canadian lineage. It was stated as a simple fact that the haughtiest dowagers of Park Avenue or the proudest of old families of the continent would likely find a sudden demise at the end of a rope somewhere along the branches of their family trees. "You don't hurt people's feeling any more by digging up disreputable ancestors; most of us have one who was hanged," he declares.

In the days before democracy and the Revolutionary War, life was grim and earnest. Hanging was the punishment for minor crimes for the hungry thief had to be prevented from touching the possessions of the rich at all cost while the wealthy and powerful literally got away with murder. Death by fire ended the lives of folk who would only be called "intellectual" in this age of enlightenment.

Beheading, mutilation by dismembering limbs or sterilization of male vagabonds and petty scoundrels, were general in Europe before Napoleon and quite common in the history of the pioneer life in America. Even Napoleon is said to have had an ancestor who was decapitated for incurring the displeasure of some neighbor baron.

The earliest record of capital punishment in England dates back to 450 B.C., at which time it was the practice to execute the condemned by hurling them into quagmires and leaving them to be sucked down and suffocated in the mud. Pouring molten lead on the criminal, starvation in dungeons, tearing to death with red-hot pincers and sawing asunder were some of the methods of execution that were common in early times. During the Middle Ages the number of crimes for which people were put to death increased greatly, and in addition torture was considered a necessary part of every execution. Every baron in those days had his own private gallows, on a nearby hill, or maybe in the courtyard of his castle. In addition, many of them had drowning pits, where they threw some of the offenders, just for the sake of variety. On one occasion a cook, accused of trying to poison his master, was boiled alive in a big pot.

A perjurer would have his tongue slit and a nagging wife was put in the stocks, or probably beaten with a cat-



The Earliest Record of Capital Punishment in England Dates Back to 450 B.C. When Criminals Were Hurled to Death in Quagmires.

o'-nine tails. It is not so many years ago that even in America, might was right and justice worked only for the rich. There was no jury but a mob of blood-lusting citizens and no court of appeal but the local big shot. The same dominant force of the district could order a serf to send his daughter to his stone-walled keep to become his slave. If the serf "squawked" there would only be some cruel grief as a result.

In the north of England and in Scotland, for instance, a sheep thief, in the old times, was strung up at the end of a rope with as much alacrity as a lynching party later went to work in the Western States when horse-stealing was considered an appalling offense. There was no other law, no other way of protecting the pitiful possessions of the constructive farmer or citizen against the thief, the bandit and pioneer-day hi-jacker. Most of those barbarous punishments, that necessity called for to check simple crimes, crossed the Atlantic with the Mayflower. American families who proudly boast of tracing their lineage to the Plymouth brethren may be keeping mum about some closer scoundrel who was hustled into eternity from a primitive gallows.

Generally with reason, the explanation lies, primarily, in the stressful existence in the early days on the continent, according to Dr. Talman. Ruthless, desperate punishment was necessary to hold the lawless in check. Besides it was not thought atrocious to throttle a man for sheer gang thieving.

Pioneering meant hard labor and strain. There was constant worry over food supply, ceaseless vigilance was necessary against marauding Indians, so it was natural that the rugged life called for something to release pent-up emotions. They turned to the whisky jug. The carousing lads of today are lilywhites in comparison with those hard-drinking boys. We have no conception of the constant brawling in the ports, the license and general "hellery" that went on in the settlements. There was a saloon on every corner in New Amsterdam, more drinking emporiums in proportion to population than there are gasoline stations in New York today.

Further inland, the pioneers took a jug of burning home-made liquor to the stumping bee. There were great jamborees around a barrel of whisky and those husky lads drank it like water from a dipper. Wild drunken orgies were the order of the day.

The result was natural. For several generations murder, violence and robbery kept the timid out of sober indoors, when the tallow candles were lit, and only harsh measures by the God-fearing pioneers, slowly but surely stamped out the evils of the hard-drinking, hard-living period, in order to provide a condition where an American citizen could enjoy life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

Slowly the introduction of churches, extension of communications, clean entertainments, implements and machinery to ease the hard hand-labor, and the determination to have law and order created a sane criminal code. Thus, after all, it is no disgrace to find a hanged great-great-great-great uncle in the family tree.

So many of our illustrious families have them that, as Dr. Talman says, "it is only history."

What The Subjects Of Emperor Haile Selassie Eat

JUST before the war broke out, Emperor Haile Selassie of Ethiopia invited the members of the foreign diplomatic corps to an official dinner at the imperial palace in Addis Ababa. The foreign representatives found a gold embossed menu, and running their eyes over the dishes saw that the dinner commenced with Russian caviar and closed with a dessert of strawberries and cream. It developed later on that the Emperor had imported not only the food but also a French chef from Paris to cook it. But in the mud huts, known as "toukouls," of the natives there is no caviar nor strawberries at dinner time. In the Ethiopian wilderness, habits of life and customs of eating have not changed for hundreds of years.

The native huts are round with only one room and a single opening. In the center of the room is a low wicker table, the top of which is hollowed out somewhat so that the round loaves of native bread, which are the principal part of the diet, will not roll off onto the mud floor. This bread is made of a meal ground thin between two stones. The labor of grinding is performed by the women of the household and the meal is then wet into a thin paste which is allowed to become sour. It is then baked in an earthenware trough or even called "magogo." This trough is rubbed with an oily seed to prevent the bread from sticking to it, and each trough holds enough paste to make one loaf of bread.

The bread is called "teff" and it is sour, spongy and soft. On hunting expeditions it is carried in sacks and it is eaten with raw meat, or "shroundo," warm from the freshly killed animal. Sometimes, it is said, the meat is cut from the animal while it is still alive. Ethiopia lies under a tropical sun, and as there is no ice to be had, meat spoils very quickly. This is why it is a national custom to eat fresh meat and oftentimes without bothering to cook it.

In the native villages the meat, either venison, lamb or gazelle, when it is cooked, is cut into small chunks and baked in ewers. The villagers have never had knives and forks nor spoons, so the meat when cooked is fished out of the pot, placed between two slices of the sour, spongy bread and dipped into a hot sauce. The sauce is made with ginger, onions, peppers and various salty herbs. The Ethiopians do not bother to raise vegetables but use as a substitute ground meal and corn, which is often mixed with the sauce.

The principal beverage of the country is a kind of fermented beer called "talla." This is brewed from native malt (barley) and is rather a favorite drink among the members of the foreign colony at the capital. It is served by foreign visitors as a cocktail, before dinner, with hot, salted popcorn. There is another custom in Ethiopia which the foreign colony has adopted—a servant must taste the food before the master. This is to prove that the food is not poisoned.

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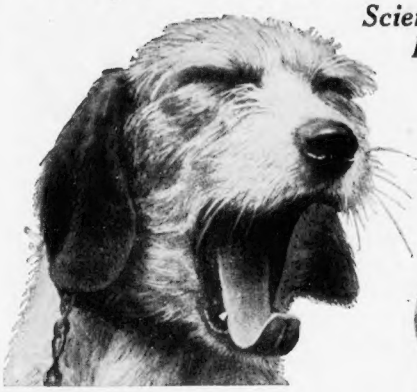
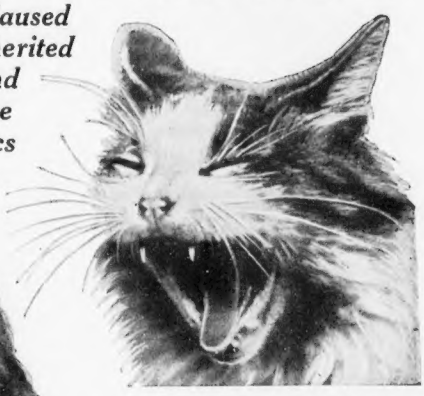
Why You Want to Gape When You See Others Yawn

Science Finds This Useless Habit Caused By an Ancient Brain Centre Inherited From Our Fish Ancestors, and Similar to Those Which Make People Blush or Go Into Panics



Mr. Mutt Gets Bored and Finds Relief in a Yawn.



Pussy Wakes Up, Yawns, and May Go Back to Sleep or Prowl Around for a Mouse.

Early Morning Yawn Before Dropping Back to Sleep Again.

WHY do we yawn?

Because our fish ancestors did it.

A yawn still does the fish a lot of good, permitting it to remain wide-awake, without the dangerous expedient of swimming to the surface and grabbing for air bubbles.

A yawn does not seem to benefit cats, dogs, birds, horses or any of the other well-known animal gapers who shamelessly split their heads from ear to ear and don't care who sees it. For man it is sometimes positively harmful, as when he unwillingly displays the supreme symbol of boredom in church. For land animals the performance is simply an ancient and obsolete habit which they have forgotten to forget.

Such is the latest theory offered by Professor Albrecht Peiper of the University of Berlin, Germany. One advantage of this over previous theories is that it would explain why the thing is so infectious. If some youngster in the choir loft so forgets himself as to open his cherub-like countenance in a wide yawn, during the sermon, the unfortunate preacher will soon see his congregation struggling in an epidemic of these facial spasms.

Had to Yawn, But Tried Her Best to Hide It.

As many a child has remarked, fish in an aquarium look as if they were chewing gum all the time. This, of course, is their normal breathing process. The fish takes in a small mouthful of water, shuts its mouth, contracts its cheeks and squeezes it out through the gills where it passes over membranes heavily charged with blood. There pick up enough of the oxygen dissolved in the water to oxygenate the blood under ordinary conditions. But water conditions vary all the way from the pool, packed full of oxygen at the foot of a waterfall, to certain ocean deeps where there is so little of the vital gas, that no life exists.

Sometimes the oxygen content of the water gradually decreases, much as it does in a closed room, full of people. In stuffy air, the oxygen-starved people yawn and don't get any extra oxygen for their pains. The fish, when its water gets "stuffy," yawns, shooting a large squirt of water through its gills and, quantity making up for quality, replenishes its oxygen.

When the oxygen falls too low even the most continuous and prodigious yawns are not enough. It must then swim up to the surface and gulp bubbles of air. This is risky because it is just what various fish-eating birds and bigger fish are waiting for.

Nature early evolved a yawn centre in the fish brain to attend to this life-preserving act and every time the oxygen content in the fish's blood got too low, touched off the mechanism. When some of the fish learned to live on land and by converting gills into lungs, evolved into the assorted vertebrate land animals, including man, that yawn centre went with them.

As often as the creature's blood ran low in oxygen, it would start the now useless gaping machinery. But it did no harm so Nature let it hold its meaningless job, possibly as a sort of frozen asset, that would be useful again if the creatures failed in the land experiment and had to go back to the sea.

It is too late for man to ever become a water-breather again. Even the whale when it returned to the ocean, could not relearn that trick, but, like a forgotten little bureaucrat, the yawn centre persists in whale and man, too.

Apes are great yawners as are most other eminent inmates of the Zoo. Even trained animals seem to delight, in the midst of their act, to delay everything while they yawn insultingly in the trainer's face. The trainer pauses and puts on a grieved expression but he really is pleased because it always gets a laugh.

In some ways the yawn centre is like the sneeze centre, useful when it blasts irritating matter out of the nose or reminds somebody that he is sitting in a draft, but a useless nuisance to the hay fever sufferer. There is one great difference, however—sneezes are not infectious. Cough, laugh, smile, itch, yawn and the world tends to do these things with you, but sneeze and you sneeze alone unless the air is full of some irritant.

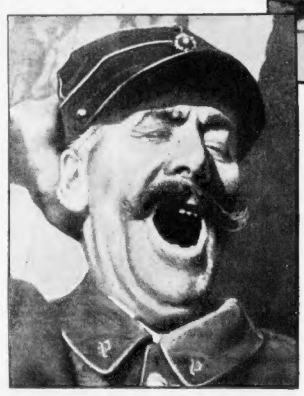
Sandman Calling.

When asleep the circulation of the blood is sluggish, not highly oxygenized, and therefore as a person approaches that condition he begins to yawn. But once asleep, though the yawn-provoking state is even more pronounced, he stops his facial gymnastics. Apparently the yawn centre goes to sleep and wakes up with him next morning, making him gape a few times while he is getting his eyes open. Often with the useless yawn goes a long sigh, which, by filling and emptying the lungs accomplishes what the yawn does for the fish. A dog drowsing on the floor often startles people with a long, shuddering, heart-broken sigh which means no more than a fish's yawn.

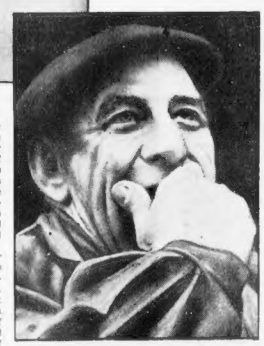
The same sluggish blood condition that makes the yawn centre try to make creatures resemble a steam shovel, is also caused by boredom, especially if the bored listener has been sitting still for some time as he has before the sermon or the after-dinner speaker begins to work on him. If the speaker can keep his hearers' ribs shaking with laughter or their pulse beating high with excitement, there will be no yawns because the blood will be circulating well enough.

There is also an older theory that the yawn is only an involuntary stretching of the jaw muscles. This is based on the fact that either a yawn or a stretch squeezes some of the small blood vessels and brings a new supply of blood to the parts of the body involved. If one sits perfectly still for a time the fatigue felt is out of all proportion to the apparent exertion. Soldiers compelled to stand rigidly on parade frequently faint. Those who do not faint are likely to feel more tired than if they had been marching all the time instead of standing still. To sit absolutely still in a meeting or at a social party is far more tiring than to spend the same amount of time in moderately active exercise.

There are perfectly good reasons for this. One of them is that the movement of the blood in the body is not managed altogether by the heart but also requires the cooperation of a certain amount of muscular movement. Even when one is asleep, watches kept by cameras and by scientific observers show that the sleeper twists and turns a good deal and that such apparently restless sleep really is more restful than when one sleeps, as the saying is, "like a log."



I'll Stop Now and Call It a Day.



Excuse Me, But I'm So Sleepy.

The blood that nourishes all the organs of the body and supplies them with oxygen has to pass through miles of tiny tubes between the arteries and veins. This passage is greatly helped if the muscles contract occasionally, thus squeezing or relaxing the smaller blood vessels and helping the blood to flow along through them. If one sits absolutely still for a time, the flow of the blood is more sluggish, many of the muscles or other parts of the body get short of food or filled up with toxic materials and thus become uncomfortable. If this goes on long enough severe fatigue is caused.

Nature's corrective for this is a stretch or a yawn. The actual yawn may not be necessary but the stretch is, to quicken the blood circulation again and thus remove the feeling of fatigue. This is why, the advocates of this theory say, when one is badly bored two automatic tendencies appear. One is to gape and yawn, the other is to move around restlessly, thus stretching and moving some of the muscles.

On this theory, however, there are two things about yawning which are hard to explain. One of these is that yawning so often happens without any apparent impulse to stretch one's muscles also. The other is that yawns are so contagious.

It certainly looks as though there were at least two possible reasons for a yawn. One of them may be the need of stretching the muscles of the face, jaws and chest in order to aid the movement of the blood. The other must have something to do with the brain, or yawns would not be so contagious.

Oh! For a Little Nap.

It is safe to say that any reader who will look for a few minutes at the pictures of animal and human yawners on this page, will feel an impulse to yawn also, with little relation to how tired that reader is or how long one position has been held without moving the muscles.

Another theory of yawns is that they are related to the severer experience called a cramp, to the same deficiency of blood movement already discussed. On this theory, a yawn is an effort of Nature to move muscles that are about to be cramped before they become so.

The trouble with this theory is, once more, that it does not explain why yawns are so contagious, and furthermore that cramps do not necessarily follow if a yawn is suppressed.

The merit of Dr. Peiper's fish-yawn theory in comparison with these other theories is that it does provide for the mental influence that seems to be necessary to explain why yawns are contagious. It has been proved that it takes brains to sleep and brains to perspire, both of these normal and everyday actions being controlled by certain brain centres. It is likewise evident that it takes brains to yawn.

Fish brains are not very high in the scale of evolution, yet fish can be trained and some kinds of them are asserted by their friends to be substantially intelligent. Lower creatures, with still less brains than the fish have, are not yawners at all.

If this theory of yawns is the true one it is easy to see why they are contagious. All of the many ancient brain centres like this are likely to be affected unconsciously by sights, sounds, smells and the like. Examples are the obscure centres that make one turn pale or even faint at sight of something frightening or blush at sight of something embarrassing. Such things also are almost as contagious as yawns. One frightened person may frighten everyone else in the neighborhood.

Accordingly, says Professor Peiper's theory, if one person sees another yawn, some unconscious signal goes from the sight centres to the yawning centre, which promptly responds by ordering a new yawn of its own. That is what will be happening if the reader looks for a few moments at the pictured yawns on this page and proceeds to do likewise.

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How Old King Sennacherib's Daughter Won Her Lover

Archeologists Uncover the Aqueduct That Brought the Water to Ancient Nineveh and Unearth at the Same Time a Curious Story of a Princess's Trickery

The Immense Stone Slabs Over Which the Water Ran to Nineveh, the Work of the Unfortunate Suitor of King Sennacherib's Daughter.

The Ruins of an Archway of the Nineveh Aqueduct. (From The University of Chicago Oriental Institute Publications, Courtesy University of Chicago Press.)

The Funeral Pyre of Sardanapalus, Grandson of Old King Sennacherib. Sardanapalus Killed Himself in the Traditional Assyrian Manner When Nineveh Was Conquered by the Medes and the Persians; His Wives Are Shown Being Put to Death So That Their Souls Could Accompany That of the Monarch to the "Land Beyond the Grave." (From the Painting by the Distinguished French Artist, Delacroix.

"WE KNOW all about that," said the somewhat ignorant Arab natives of Iraq when the Oriental Institute of Chicago Expedition dug up what appeared to be the ruins of a bridge 1,000 feet long and built by the mighty King Sennacherib more than 2,600 years ago. "It wasn't a bridge but an aqueduct to bring water into the City of Nineveh."

To the amazement of the archeologists these illiterate Arabs were right. It turned out to be the ruins of one of the oldest aqueducts in the world. So the learned scholars came back to the bare-footed, bandy-legged sheiks who had never seen a book of history in their lives and asked them to kindly tell that story again. To get all the details straight they had to bring out some of the women folk who by word of mouth, had passed it down through more than 26 centuries.

It was a marvelous piece of engineering for those days, worthy to be ranked in the class of the pyramids and the Assyrian conqueror proudly put his name on it for all posterity. He left no record of how his pretty daughter meddled in it and probably she told him not to believe it anyway. The Arab tradition fits historical fact neatly enough.

There was Sennacherib's magnificent new capital, with towering walls, imposing palaces and gardens, everything that a big, and probably the most up-to-date city of the moment, could boast, except one thing that spoiled everything. There was scarcely enough water from wells, and what could be carried on donkey-back for drinking and cooking. The gardens were just dust blowing away with every wind. There was no water for the great pools, for nobility or even royalty to bathe in. A short siege would have made proud Nineveh yield.

All around the city was nothing but desert sand but there were water supplies which could have been led in through canals in the sand, except that the way was barred by a deep ravine, 1,000 feet wide in its narrowest places.

His Majesty called a council of all his richest, brainiest and most ambitious men and told them that somebody had to get that water in for him. He would furnish them with slaves, food from the royal treasury and give them right of way over anyone.

If it succeeded, he would give them a reward, five-fold the cost. The offer was a sort of cost plus 500 per cent profit. But nobody wanted it because the task was too difficult and failure meant not only ruin but probably losing one's head.

Seeing that there were no bidders, Sennacherib raised his offer. He sent heralds far and wide announcing that to the first man to get water on the city side of that ravine, he would give not only wealth and high honors but the hand in marriage of his beautiful daughter. There are no portraits of this young lady, but if it is true that she was as beautiful as she was unscrupulous, she was lovely enough. Also, as the King's son-in-law her husband would be in power and wealth, almost equal to one of his sons. With luck he might even gain the throne.

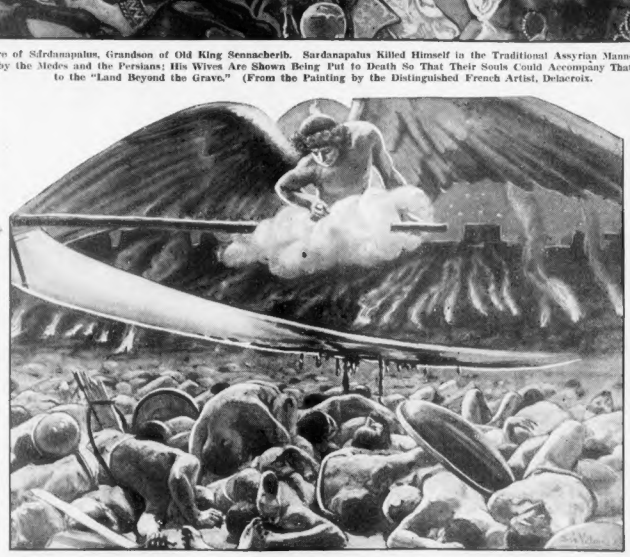
Even with this glittering bait only two candidates presented themselves, both very rich young nobles who had fallen in love with the Princess but not been allowed to do more than look at her from a distance because her father had been saving the maiden for some foreign alliance in time of need.

Now he ordered her to be as alluring as possible whenever either of the youths called, so both would outdo themselves and the better man win. The King, a judge of men, at once picked one as the probable winner, a serious person who had studied the business of war, building, and command of men in big undertakings.

The other was a handsome boy, who could sing, dance, play many instruments and flatter a woman, but not much else and was a bit too soft to wear armor. Conquering Kings never did have much use for "lounge lizards." But this was a fair competition and if the pretty boy could beat the serious one, he would deserve the victory.

The King himself brought the water up to the edge of the ravine at its narrowest point and all either youth had to do was to get it across before the other. They went to work, side by side, but by different methods. The handsome boy chose the usual and what to most everyone seemed the only plausible way. He started tunneling under the ravine. The other painfully began to carry a masonry tube across the ravine on lofty masonry columns. Everyone could watch his slow progress but how fast the other was burrowing through the earth, nobody knew.

However, the young head of the tunnelers assured everyone that he was well ahead of his competitor and the fact that he spent all his time making whoopee with the Princess seemed to indicate that he was not worrying. Yet as the months passed he knew he could not possibly win. His diggers had run into solid granite.



The Destruction of the Hosts of Sennacherib After the Victory at Lachish. From the Painting by Jose Villegas.

"And it came to pass that night, that the angel of the Lord went out and smote in the camp of the Assyrians an hundred fourscore and five thousand: And when they arose early in the morning, behold, they were all dead corpses."

II Kings, Ch. 19, v. 35.

Finally came a time when the creeping stonework had reached the other side and it was only a matter of days when the serious youth would win unless the tunnel-diggers were also ready. At this point the Princess made the handsome fellow admit that his tunnel was only a fake. The Princess was heartbroken.

"What will you do when everybody knows you are a fraud?" she asked.

"I shall kill myself when I see the first water coming through, just as he would if he saw it coming through my tunnel first."

"Are you sure he would commit suicide?" she asked.

"Not a doubt of it," he assured her. "But come, let us eat, drink and be merry once more for tomorrow or the next day, I die."

"No, keep quiet, I must think," the Princess commanded.

Next morning a hundred tongues were busily spreading a story about Nineveh that the tunnel was all finished and that positively during the next night the water would be sent through. In the morning everyone should see it filling a little depression in the sand on the other side. The rival, almost ready himself, laughed at first but by the time he went to bed he was worried enough.

The last thing he did was to look from his window at that little depression, lying dark and dry in the moonlit sands. In the course of the night he was disturbed by a commotion outside his house. Men were shouting:

"Water! Water is coming through to Nineveh."

Rubbing his eyes, he rushed to the window where, to his horror, the little dark depression now gleamed shining white. The impossible had happened. The perfumed lounge lizard, the faker he had despised had beaten him after all. With a bitter cry he threw himself on his sword and died.

In the morning King Sennacherib was grieved and puzzled to learn that the man he wanted to have win, had committed suicide because he imagined he saw water coming through the tunnel. It was easy to see that there had never been a drop there and yet many others had thought so too.

The Princess was right at his elbow with a practical suggestion. She informed him that unexpected troubles had delayed the tunnel job a few weeks but since now death had prevented it from being a contest, why not let the survivor finish his rival's job? The King could not give his daughter to a dead man. Then, if the masonry aqueduct did not work, the tunnel job could be carried through.

The King saw a way to get his water in a hurry and please his daughter. He agreed and also got a playboy for a son-in-law, which the Old Testament forgot to mention as one of the punishments for the King's sins.

Some time later the story reached the Royal ear that on the night of the suicide all the spare linen of the palace had been carried out and spread in that depression, making it shine white, like water in the moonlight. The tradition does not state whether the pair lived happily ever after or that some morning the tricky Princess presented her playboy husband with a dagger in his heart.

This tale, like that of the flood and many others, seems to have spread from Mesopotamia and become part of the folklore of many races and in various versions. But this one, preserved by the women of Iraq, not by the men who think it has an unsatisfactory ending, probably is nearest to what really happened.

It was quite customary in those days for Kings to get some service from their daughters or at least to try. Herodotus, "Father of History," tells how Rhampsinitus, identified as the Egyptian Pharaoh, Rameses III, used his daughter as bait to catch a thief. This story also deals with an architect builder who constructed a treasure vault for Pharaoh that was supposed to be burglar-proof. It was, except that the architect left one secret removable stone by which he could come back and rob his patron.

Apparently he died before getting up nerve enough to try. After his death his two sons who knew the secret made up for lost time. Pharaoh, inspecting his treasures, could not imagine how the thefts were being carried on, but he set a trap and into it stepped one of the sons. His brother could not extricate him, so it was decided that the free robber should cut off the captive's head and take it away to save the family from disgrace.

The King had the body exposed on the highway, with guards ordered to arrest anyone seen weeping over it. The brother, disguised as a wine merchant, with several donkeys loaded with skins of wine, pretended to have an accident at the place. The guards, greedily drinking up the spilled wine, went into a drunken stupor which permitted the brother to remove the body.

Infuriated at this the Pharaoh set his own daughter to flirting with any man who might come along. But she was instructed before accepting anyone's embrace to make him prove what a smart crook he was. The brother, though apparently seeing the trap, was so crazy about the Princess that he walked into it with his eyes open. When he told her how he had robbed her father she accepted his advances, but after she thought him asleep tied her wrist to his, so he could not escape when the guards arrived at dawn. When this happened she was astounded to find herself tied to the mummified arm of the dead brother.

At this Pharaoh's wrath turned to awe and admiration. He decided that it would be better to have such a brilliant mind working for than against him. Royal announcements went up and down the Nile that if the rogue would reveal himself, he would be pardoned, rewarded and honored. Governments must have been very honest in those days because instead of repudiating his promise, Rameses made good and, chief among the honors and rewards, was the hand in marriage of the Princess.

An exact parallel in history is that of Bindo, the architect who built and later robbed the treasure chamber of the Doge of Venice. The Doge's trap was an immense cauldron of pitch into which Bindo plunged. His son regretfully cut off his father's head, later rescued his body from the gibbet and then married the Doge's daughter, as a reward for satisfying the old man's curiosity as to how he had gotten the better of him.

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Heroic Telephone Girls

Recent Examples of Courage, Quick Thinking and Resourcefulness by the Women Who Stick to Their Switchboards No Matter What the Danger

Ruby Wilson, the Washington, Arkansas, Telephone Girl, Who Thwarted a Bank Robbery at Risk of Her Life.

The Monument in Memory of Sarah Rooke, Telephone Girl Who Stuck to Her Job Until a Flood Swept Away Her Switchboard and She Was Drowned.

Leona Smith, the Telephone Operator at Morrison, Colorado, Who Saved a Thousand Lives by Her Prompt Warning When She Saw Over the Mountains the Cloudburst Which Later Swept Through Morrison as a Flood.

AN INCOHERENT word, a gulp —then the clatter of a falling telephone receiver and silence.

But to the telephone girl these few incoherent sounds mean death knocking at a distant door, a mystery melodrama of the night suddenly thrown at her for solution in a few minutes, perhaps seconds.

If, on the spur of the moment, she does the right thing, lives, limbs, eyesight, property will be saved, if not the end of the story will be tragedy. The Theodore N. Vail Memorial Fund each year awards prizes to the outstanding heroines of the switchboard, but it is not the $250 to $1,000 cash and the medal that makes them rise to these occasions, often at risk of their lives.

It is the dreadful knowledge that for the moment, they are the supreme power in the country who can send police, firemen, ambulances, any force of civilization to the rescue, but they must rouse that force, direct it right and in a hurry. The telephone girl has become a sort of guardian angel over careless humanity to whom it gasps a prayer in time of disaster.

Grace Gallagher, night operator in one of Chicago's exchanges, saw a light flash on her board, plugged in and spoke her usual, "Number please," but, in response received only that brief incoherent series of sounds and silence. It was a prayer for help and she did not waste an instant in getting ready to answer it. Unfortunately the prayer came from a four-party line which meant four different addresses where the drama might be staged. A moment later a police lieutenant was receiving those four addresses.

At the first one, an indignant householder told the police there was nothing wrong there. The second address was a bungalow which gave no response to knocks.

They crashed the door and walked in on the scene of Miss Gallagher's mystery drama. On the floor of a bedroom lay Mrs. Katherine Adair and beside her the telephone she had knocked over with her last flicker of consciousness. Nearby lay her unconscious husband and in another bedroom, their two children, Charles, Jr., aged 2, and Calvin, 10. All were insensible from coal gas silently filling the house from a furnace pipe which had collapsed.

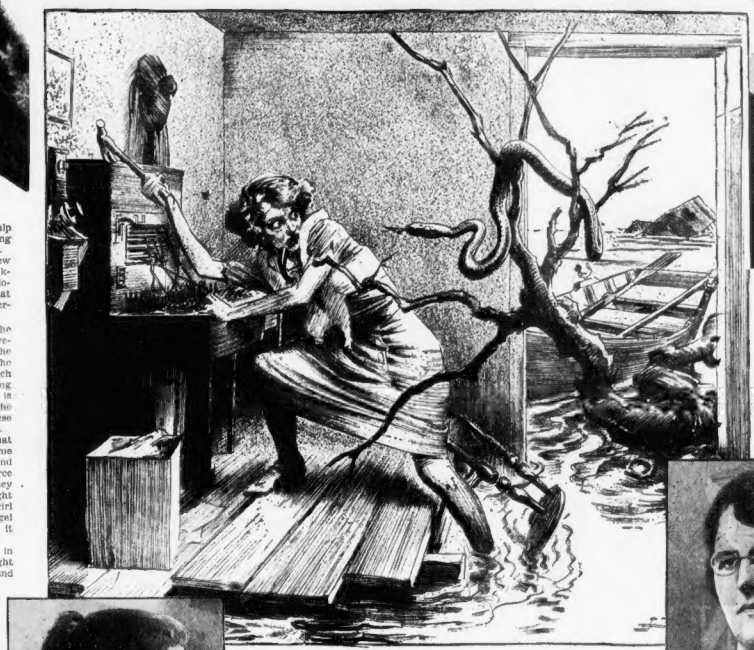
It is the long range ear and voice of the telephone which makes the telephone girl momentarily omniscient and omnipotent, but nobody expects her to see further than her switchboard. However, place a smart girl near a window where she can survey a wide territory and she will become the first line of defense against any menace that threatens. Miss Leona Smith, of the Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Co., could see from her window at Morrison, Colorado, far up into the mountains. She had learned to spot weather signs indicating heavy rains that would send floods rushing down the valley.

One day she saw these signs in such black and aggravated form that she went right to work, without waiting for any telephone warning. Calling Idledale, a little town farther up the mountain, she asked persons to be on the lookout and to telephone her at the first sign of flood. Fifteen minutes later it came with word that a wall of water was charging down the canyon. Miss Smith had already a list of subscribers who would be in danger. Now she gave them a warning and her foresight saved about 1,000 lives.

A hysterical New York druggist informed the New York Telephone Co. that he had given a woman a bottle of powerful acid instead of an eye-drop prescription. He knew her name and that she lived in some little town near Holmdel, New Jersey. He begged them to find her somehow and tell her not to use those drops. The druggist's nightmare landed in the lap of Mrs. Mary E. Algor of the Central Telephone Office at Holmdel.

Mrs. Algor located the name of the woman's brother in the directory, but his telephone did not answer. She called neighbors, but all they could tell her was that the woman and her brother were in New York and not expected back until the next day. She seemed to have exhausted the resources of the telephone. Her mind tortured by the vision of that woman blinding herself with acid, Mrs. Algor performed a miracle of the memory.

From the tens of thousands of phone calls she had handled during the past year, she recalled several which the man she was trying to find had made to his brother in New York. She consulted the New York directory, found the brother's name, and succeeded in getting in touch with him. As soon as he grasped the situation, the man cried: "Hold on a minute!" Presently he returned to the phone and in a shaken voice told Mrs. Algor that his sister, who was with him, had just been on the point of using the acid-eyedrops. The warning had come in time.



With the Water From the Swelling River Swirling Up Around the Base of the Switchboard, Mrs. Orr Stuck to Her Post, Although She Had to Battle With Snakes Which Glided Into the Office through the Water Or Invaded It Upon the Floating Debris.

Hazel H. Haase, of Clinton, Indiana, Who by Ingeniously Handling the Telephone Caused the Capture of Bank Robbers After They Had Covered Fifty Miles in Their Escape.

Lost in a blizzard and almost out of gasoline, H. T. Lewis, a mail pilot, circled over Potter, Nebraska. He could not pray over the telephone to girls in the telephone office below, but one of them, Mrs. Mabel Hite, heard his motor droning around in hopeless circles and she answered his unspoken prayer. Calling the flying field at Sidney, 20 miles away, she asked how to get him down.

They told her to find a field, suitable for a landing and get about 30 men to surround it with red flares which she might get from a railroad. A few words over the wires got that done in a very few minutes and down into the flare-lined field settled a thankful pilot, saved from crashing by a telephone operator's alertness.

Of the various types of emergency in which telephone women have distinguished themselves, the most common seems to be flood. Always they are the first to hear that it is coming and could be the first to flee and always they are among the last.

The story of Mrs. Eula V. Orr, "hello girl" heroine of Ferriday, La., is an outstanding drama of the switchboards.

Mrs. Orr was handling routine calls in the little telephone office in the sleepy Mississippi River village when a red light flashed on and off repeatedly on her board. The operator plugged in her phone cord and heard the worst news possible there:

"The levee's busted—it's a flood!"

The quick-witted operator went into action. She telephoned the town police station, the power company, the hospitals, the firehouse and the homes of those in the immediate path of the flood. As she finished she could hear the dull rumble of the flood and a few minutes later the tumbling yellow water rolled through the village. Mrs. Orr stuck to her post, but she soon realized that the room in which she was working would be flooded. She sent out a hurry call for aid, and telephone repairmen worked against time to raise the Ferriday switchboard on a platform out of the water's reach.

Soon the muddy yellow water covered the office floor to a depth of two feet. A squawking duck, disturbed by the fast moving current of the flood, paddled into the room through the open door, quacked, peered at the operator perched on her high stool and swam out again. There was a crash, the sound of broken glass, and Mrs. Orr felt the building tremble. The startled operator looked around and saw a tree branch extending into the room. Through the window she could see other leafy branches. A tree, swept away by the flood, had rammed into the telephone office.

It was this tree that brought her next and most unwelcome guest, a large snake. Hardly had the sound of the crash died away, when she saw the slimy reptile uncoil itself from the branch and drop into the water. As she watched with horrified eyes, the snake swam over to a leg of the platform on which the switchboard had been built. Slowly it drew itself out of the water, its red tongue flicking and its eyes bright with rage. That moment a light flashed on Mrs. Orr's switchboard. Automatically her hand plugged the phone cable into the board while her eyes followed the approaching snake.

"Everything all right?" came the anxious voice of a town official. Mrs. Orr realized there was little anybody except herself could do about that snake, so she calmly answered "everything is all right," and hung up. Then, on top of the switchboard, where a lineman had left it, she saw a hammer. The brave operator grasped it, brought it down full force on the snake just as it reared to strike.

Mrs. Eula V. Orr, the Heroic Telephone Operator of Ferriday, Louisiana, Who Braved Flood and Snakes to Keep the Switchboard Open.

The flood conditions lasted for six weeks, and all that time Mrs. Orr maintained telephone service. She wore rubber boots to walk around in the muddy water that flooded her office and she used a rowboat for her journeys to and from work. That first water moccasin was only one of many that swam in and attempted to climb on the telephone board. She killed them all. During the entire period of the flood there was the continual danger that the building might crash down—but Mrs. Orr stuck to her post.

Sarah J. Rooke, a woman well along in years, died in the heroic performance of her duty when a flood struck the ranch country town of Folsom, New Mexico. Late one rainy night, Mrs. Rooke received a call from a ranch house ten miles up the dry Cimarron Valley. A cloudburst had occurred and a tremendous volume of water was rushing down the valley river. She began at once calling ranch houses above the village, knowing that these would be first in the path of the flood. Then she called people in the village itself, then those beyond. Repeatedly she refused to leave her post.

The flood struck. Buildings were shattered, torn from their foundations, and carried like chips on the boiling surface of the water. Amid the wreckage, Sarah Rooke was swept away to [illegible] employes banded together to do her honor. They erected a granite monument over her last resting place and on it placed the following inscription:

"With heroic devotion she glorified her calling by sacrificing her own life that others might live."

Many crimes have been prevented or punished through the quick thought and action of telephone operators. An outstanding case is that of Hazel Hilah Haase, chief operator at Clinton, Indiana. At about 9 A. M. one cold December morning, Miss Haase learned that five bandits had held up and robbed a local bank and were fleeing in an automobile pursued by police. Taking a position at the switchboard, she notified the county sheriff, the police departments and other civil authorities of all the towns located in the general direction taken by the bandit car. She gave a description of the car to the citizens of the countryside and requested their assistance. In this way she kept in constant touch with all movements made by the fugitives and, when they commandeered other cars and changed their course, quickly relayed this information to the authorities. As a result, the bandits were never able to break through.

The final stages of the pursuit became a running gun battle. About two hours after the bank had been looted, during which time the robbers had covered about fifty miles, they were brought to bay on a farm between Sidell and Fairmont, Illinois. Here a large body of police and citizens shot it out with them. In this final battle two of the bandits were killed and the remaining three captured. One of these died the next day. The funds stolen from the bank, amounting to $15,000, were recovered in full.

Ruby LaVerne Wilson, who helps her mother operate the telephone exchange at Washington, Ark., also had an exciting experience with bandits. At two o'clock in the morning, she and her parents were awakened by the sound of an explosion. Her father led the way to the switchboard, intending to find out what had happened. They found a man with a flashlight and a revolver standing at the public window of the telephone office about three feet from the board.

Through the glass of the closed window he pointed a gun and motioned to keep away. Instead, Ruby sat down and tried to call for help, but found that the cables had been cut, which was the reason he did not murder her. Finally she discovered two toll lines working and through them in whispers called for help. Officers came too late to prevent the burglars from getting away, though they only got the loose cash in the bank's vaults next door.

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LEMON COCONUT FILLING for WHITE CAKE
LEMON PUDDING
LIMA BEANS WITH LEMON BUTTER
LEMON NOG
Recipe by Mary Lee Taylor for Pet Milk
The YEAR'S 11 Best LEMON RECIPES
LEMON GELATINE CHIFFON PIE
FRIED OYSTERS WITH LEMON

JUST IN TIME FOR Lent

Here Are 6 of the Best Lemon Recipes Other Advertisers Have Used During the Past Year; Send Coupon for Complete Series of 11

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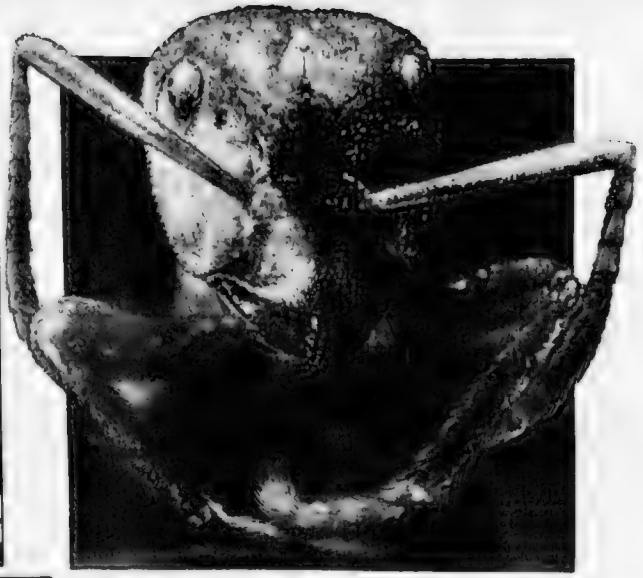
Home Life of the Ant

Remarkable Photographs of the Little Insect's Domestic Arrangements Which Startlingly Resemble Those of Man

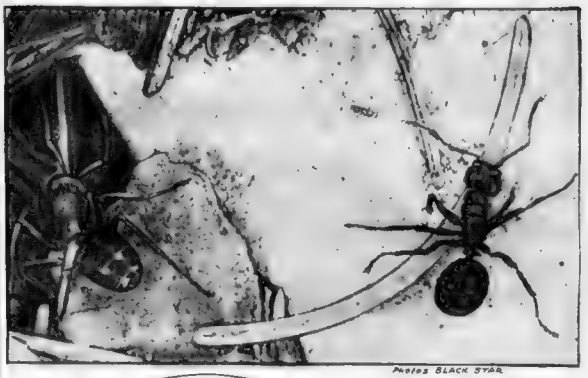
An Ant Nurse Cleaning One of the Eggs While Two Others Stand Guard

Destructive Mould Which Forms on the Eggs If Not Cleaned Daily—a Danger Which the Ants Seem to Understand.

The Grub of a Rose-Beetle Hung Up Like a Carcass in a Butcher Shop. It Is Alive and the Ants Skilfully Draw Its Juices From It, Keeping It Alive for Days.

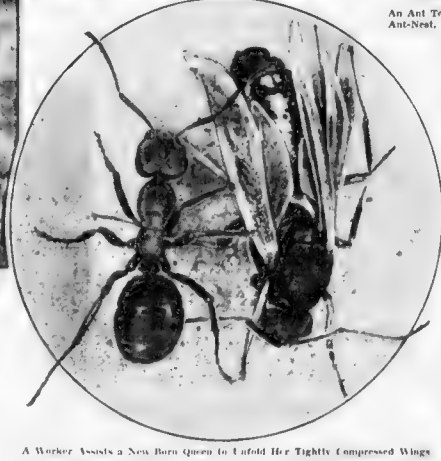


The Head of a Worker Ant With Powerfully Developed Jaws and Antennae Which Serve It for "Speech" With Other Workers.



PHOTOS BLACK STAR

An Ant Tearing Off a Pine Needle for the Ant-Nest, While Another Is Shown Disappearing Into the Nest With a Second Needle.



A Worker Assists a New Born Queen to Unfold Her Tightly Compressed Wings

KING SOLOMON said that "the ants are a people not strong . . . yet they prepare their meat in the Summer."

When the wise old king made that comment he probably did not realize just how much truth there was in it. What he meant was that these industrious little creatures are always looking ahead and planning for the future, and for that reason in Proverbs he also said:

"Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways and be wise."

Despite the words "people" and "ways," King Solomon was being poetical rather than literal. But it has remained for modern science to discover that in a number of respects ants have a home life that closely resembles that of human beings. Some of their domestic arrangements which might be taken to support this statement as justification for referring to them as "people," are shown in the remarkable series of photographs on this page.

Most surprising of all is the fact that some types of ants actually hang their dead in community storage places which are very similar to the butcher shops in which men keep the carcasses of animals. The favorite food of these ants is a sweetish liquid that comes from insects on the grub of the rose-beetle. They are so fond of this secretion that they will go to any amount of trouble to keep a plentiful supply of it on hand.

In early Summer, "hunters" travel far from the nest in search of rose-beetle grubs, and when they find some they hurry back with the good news right away. A party of workers sets out to bring home the "bacon," or in this case the beetle grubs, and it is a curious fact that there are always just enough ants in the party to handle that particular food supply.

After these grubs have been lugged back to the nest, through the opening and probably down several floors to the storage room, they are slung from small twigs that have been fixed in the ceiling, like meat-hooks. Fed the particular kind of leaves they thrive on, the grubs are kept alive indefinitely.

The ant shown in the large picture in the center of this page has been assigned to the task of skilfully drawing the juices from the suspended grub and while on that job has no other duties. As soon as her mouth is full of liquid, she goes to another part of the nest, where there are other ants that serve as sort of living milk bottles. The "milkmaid" empties her supply into the mouth of a "container" ant, who is stuffed with more and more liquid until her stomach becomes a round and bloated globe.

Then, with other living milk bottles, she is hung by her legs and jaws from the ceiling. The reason for this odd procedure is greater efficiency. During the busy season, it would be a waste of time for each worker to do her own milking. When a worker is thirsty, she crawls up beside one of the living milk bottles, who opens her mouth, letting the worker reach down into it and help herself.

When the grubs go "dry," or hatch out into beetles, they do not present a serious problem as might be expected. Ants are experienced "butchers," and their method of slaughtering is interesting. On the arrival of grub or beetle killing time as many ants as are needed to handle any particular specimen of livestock take hold of every available part of the unlucky creature and strike [illegible] this takes half an hour.

With powerful jaws and [illegible] the worker shown [illegible] corner of this page [illegible] "butchered" and the choice cuts stored away in another part of the nest, along with the "gamey" ripe quarters of grasshoppers, or whatever other meat is being kept for the days when food supply will become scarce.

The long "feelers" which stick out from the head of this worker are the antennae, and it is with these that ants "talk" to each other. One ant will rub her antennae against those of another, and in this manner convey a wide range of ideas.

Ants are the only creatures besides men that keep slaves. One species of Amazon ants frequently raids the nests of other kinds, killing as many workers as possible and "kidnaping" the grubs or stealing the eggs. For this reason, it is the common practice among most species of ants to keep [illegible] day and night [illegible] the young are hatched, to protect the eggs from [illegible] and other enemies.

In the unusual picture on the upper left, two of these guardians of the "nursery" are shown in alert and watchful attitudes, while the "nurse" is busily engaged in cleaning one of the eggs. Below is an egg that has been neglected for some reason and is covered with a destructive mould.

Equally as dangerous as the insect enemies that would steal the eggs is this mould, which is likely to form on them if they are not cleaned daily. The ants understand this well enough, and under ordinary circumstances they take care to prevent it from happening. But sometimes an emergency arises—maybe a war on some other species of ants or other insects or the discovery of an exceptionally large food supply. In connection with such a situation, the [illegible] job it is to clean the eggs [illegible] protect them from [illegible] the nursery. For a time the eggs may be forgotten entirely, and great is the consternation when the "nurses" return and find their charges covered with this killing mould. Thus, as orderly and wise as ants are, it seems that under the pressure of circumstances they sometimes show that other very human characteristic of making errors in judgment.

In addition to being able to estimate "labor costs," such as the number of workers needed to slaughter, dismember and drag home a grasshopper, large beetle or young bird, ants are good home builders, and in making their nests they often display remarkable craftsmanship. Some ants make their nests out of leaves, sewing them together with their young grubs. In their larval state these grubs are confined in cocoons that are pointed at one end. Thus they serve both as needle and thread, leaving a trail of silk behind them as they are pushed through the leaves.

Other ants have become expert "carpenters," and reinforce their nests with "joists" and "studdings" made out of twigs. Pine needles are another favorite building material, due to the fact that they are long, straight and flexible. As can be seen in one of the accompanying photographs, these "carpenter" ants have little trouble breaking off [illegible] dragging it into their nests.

Ants have no real childhood. Their period of growth and adult period are quite separate. They hatch out as [illegible] the egg. Unlike bees, [illegible] have no wings [illegible] or cocoons. They are born with [illegible] and [illegible] for their jobs.

The [illegible] graph, for [illegible] from her egg. Full [illegible] larger than the worker [illegible] ing her wings which at the time she comes from the egg, are so tightly pressed against her body that it is impossible for her to open them without assistance.

The workers do not have wings. These are possessed only by the queen and the pampered males, who will become her mate when her nuptial flight from [illegible] is the case with bees [illegible] after her when she [illegible] her one flight. The [illegible] high in the air, and [illegible] male always dies. [illegible] far away from the [illegible] workers to grow [illegible] a helpless drone he soon

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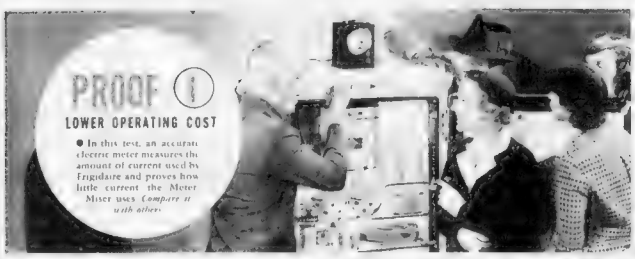
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We issue this challenge because of our whole-hearted confidence in the new 1936 Frigidaire with the Meter-Miser that cuts current cost to the bone. For the new cold-making unit, the Meter-Miser, is directly responsible in Frigidaire for its meeting all five standards for refrigerator buying. 1. Lower Operating Cost. 2. Safer Food Protection. 3. Faster Freezing—More Ice. 4. More Usability. 5. Five-Year Protection Plan.

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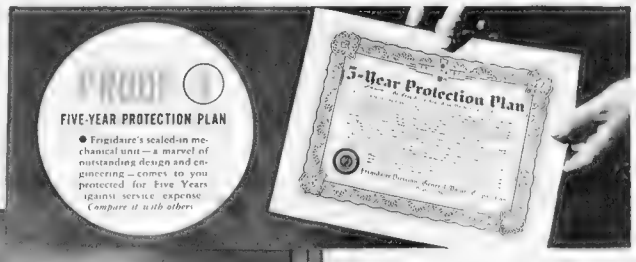
Remember this. We say that the Meter-Miser will cut current cost to the bone, and we *prove* it! Frigidaire is first to build a Food-Safety Indicator into the cabinet as proof in your own home that Safety-Zone Temperature is maintained—at lowest cost. Just go to any authorized Frigidaire dealer and get the facts—*see* the proof. Ask him to show you how Frigidaire will actually pay for itself out of the savings it makes—and pay you a profit besides. And while you're there, learn about the liberal payment terms that make Frigidaire with the Meter-Miser so easy to own.

FRIGIDAIRE CORPORATION, DAYTON, OHIO


PROOF 5
FIVE-YEAR PROTECTION PLAN
● Frigidaire's sealed-in mechanical unit—a marvel of outstanding design and engineering—comes to you protected for Five Years against service expense. *Compare it with others*
5-Year Protection Plan

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In Search of the "Chemisette"

Explorers to Hunt Again in the Nandi Forest, in Africa, Where No Natives Dare Go in Fear of the Monster "With the Legs and Claws of a Bear and the Head of a Lion"

Mr. Anthony Richard Hamilton, the Scottish Explorer, Who Is Leading the New Expedition Into the African Jungle in the Hope of Finding a "Chemisette."

An Imagin[illegible] Animal Draw[illegible] the Famous B[illegible] Artist, S. H[illegible] Which He C[illegible] "The Lop E[illegible] Bloog," I[illegible] Fantastic Cr[illegible] in Some W[illegible] Fulfills t[illegible] Description [illegible] Chemisette [illegible] Monster of [illegible] African Ju[illegible]

Airplane of Mr. Anthony Hamilton Which Took the Expedition to the Edge of the African Forest.

LONDON, Feb. 29

T[illegible] "chemisette" [illegible] is the purpose of a rather [illegible], expensive and dangerous [illegible] into a [illegible] part of [illegible] African jungle by three serious-[illegible] Britishers, including an ex-[illegible] and a former government official.

A [illegible] of years ago the explorers [illegible] to find the strange [illegible] evidence that there may be [illegible] unknown to man in the forest, but were unable then to [illegible] their exploration. Now they are [illegible] back.

[illegible] chemisette they are hunting for [illegible] the dainty feminine under-[illegible] whose price terrifies husbands [illegible]. It is worse, a blood-[illegible] monster, described by the [illegible] as a huge bear with the head of a [illegible].

Science has found no traces of such a [illegible] creature and no white man [illegible] to have seen one. Why should [illegible] Anthony Richard Hamilton, [illegible] Langdon, former Rhodesian of-[illegible] Peter Courtney, an experi-[illegible] listen to such fantastic [illegible] from the poor ignorant natives?

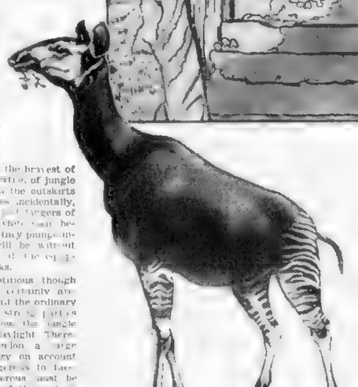
[illegible]

T[illegible] with these [illegible] that [illegible] that ever [illegible] of south [illegible] the bravest of [illegible] portion of jungle [illegible] on the outskirts [illegible]. This, incidentally, [illegible] dangers of [illegible] moment they plunge in-[illegible] they will be without [illegible] their own backs.

[illegible] and superstitious though [illegible] are [illegible] with all the ordinary [illegible] strong [illegible] to follow the jungle [illegible] during daylight. There-[illegible] when they abandon a large section of their country on account of [illegible] too dangerous to face [illegible] dangerous must be [illegible]. Though bodies of the victims [illegible] very few eye-witnesses [illegible] survive to describe the [illegible] at least to have [illegible] honest and accurate. None [illegible] to have heard the chemisette's [illegible] and they admit that there are no signs of its having eaten the victim's flesh or tasted its blood. Therefore it is not carnivorous and [illegible] but sheer mean-[illegible] from the trees on [illegible] were not looking for it.

[illegible] a certain amount of con-[illegible] from a reliable source. [illegible] passing in the vicinity was [illegible] by the excited natives that something had just happened to [illegible] of them only a little way inside the [illegible]. A young man, who had [illegible] some sort of offense in a nearby village, in fleeing from his pursuers ran into the tabooed area. The pursuit stopped, but a moment later they heard his death-cry. The [illegible] were cordially invited to go in and see what had happened to him.

They did so and found the badly clawed and mauled body of the fugi-[illegible]. [illegible] it were large footprints of some creature with claws different from anything known in Africa. [illegible] have been a bit cautious about ridiculing anything the natives tell them since their experience with the Okapi. For many years they had laughed at stories of a "mythical" beast supposed to have the shoulders and neck of a giraffe and the striped legs of a zebra. Now anyone can see that very animal alive in the London zoo.



The African Okapi. For Many Years Natives Reported an Animal Unknown to Science, Which Had a Head, Neck and Shoulders Resembling a Giraffe, but Striped Legs Like a Zebra. Nobody Believed Such an Animal Existed Until an Exploring Party Saw and Captured One. Some Live Okapis Are Now in the London Zoological Gardens.

Another Fantastic Creature From the Imagination of the Artist Sime.

There is a possibility that the chemisette is a "synthetic" monster after all, as suggested by the leader of the expedition in an interview just before he left England.

"Native bearers absolutely refuse to venture beyond the edge of the forest," said Mr Hamilton to the American Weekly representative. "From there onwards we shall have to carry our own cameras and equipment.

"That there is something to be found I am almost certain, though whether it will be the fabulous monster—half bear, half lion of which the bushmen speak—remains to be seen. Native legend [illegible] feline, climbing animal; but the claws [illegible] described to [illegible] are more like those of bears. It is of course quite possible that some beast at present [illegible] to zoology still roams the [illegible] of the jungle.

"There is, however, another possibility [illegible] to which I [illegible] to give [illegible]. Jungle-men [illegible] who have gone wild and lead solitary lives in the forest, are not unknown in the African forest. It may be that the chemisette is nothing more than a man, who, [illegible] fashioned [illegible] a weapon from the claws of wild beasts. Such a [illegible] outcast, an enemy to the whole human race; he would not hesitate to kill at sight. Given such a killer in the forest, credulity and superstition would create the legend of the fabulous monster.

"The expedition will be a difficult one," continued Mr Hamilton, "as we shall have no bearers from the moment we enter the forest. On the other hand, we are not likely to be attacked by hostile tribes; the forest has such a bad name for being haunted that we shall probably see no human beings at all, unless, of course, my theory is correct and we come across the 'jungle-killer.'"

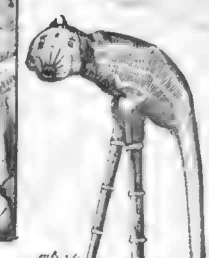
As against Mr. Hamilton's theory the natives say that the chemisette is so [illegible] that if it [illegible] and [illegible] by [illegible] of all [illegible] such a [illegible]

One theory is that [illegible] whites to whom [illegible] this terror of the [illegible] attention and [illegible] way that is his name, whether he likes it or not.

The famous British artist [illegible] may have been [illegible] chemisette when he invented the "lop-eared bloog," a fantastic creature shown on this page and [illegible] fulfilling the native description of this African jungle monster.

If the chemisette turns out to be as incongruous a combination animal as it has been described [illegible] may be to bolster up the slightly unreliable stories told in lumber camps of Minnesota and elsewhere to the "tenderfoot" who joins them for the first time. The lumberjack seems to have an imagination as powerful as his muscles, as proved by the animals he solemnly warns the young man from the city to avoid.

State Forester William T. Cox, [illegible] of Minnesota has [illegible] and pictured the [illegible] mythical ones. One of them is the tripodero [illegible] if not molested [illegible] if [illegible] is likely to suddenly grow [illegible] on his telescopic [illegible] legs. Then if he should [illegible] it would be very sad. The tripodero is strongly suggestive of a civil engineer's surveying instrument.



The Tripodero, Frequently Reported "Seen" by Lumbermen. It Is a Gentle Creature, So the Story Goes, and Probably Was Patterned *After a Civil Engineer's Surveying Instrument.*

The agropelter is not so well-behaved. If the [illegible] woodsmen with pieces [illegible]

[illegible] and fortunately rather [illegible] speed. With one grip it swallows its helpless prey. If you don't believe it they will show you the very place [illegible] was devoured [illegible]

Seeing a dignified gentleman out in the [illegible] of Maine hunting insects, and learning that he was a scientist who had made that his life study, some boys thought they would show him something. Assembling an assortment of parts of grasshoppers, beetles, moths, spiders and most anything else that was handy, they glued them together into something the like of which had never been seen before. Placing it in a box, they solemnly offered it to the entomologist as a bug [illegible] what it was. The [illegible] wonderful thing [illegible] whether it had hummed or not.

"Oh yes," [illegible] assured him, "it [illegible] very [illegible]."

"Then," said the scientist, "it is a humbug."

Sometimes even scientific [illegible] amuse themselves by [illegible] that Nature [illegible] Professor [illegible] to wondering what the frog would do about it if he [illegible] power. [illegible] somewhat on the lines of a human being, perhaps Mr. Frog would learn to walk around on his hind legs, carry a club in his hands, sneak up on butterflies and hit [illegible] what [illegible] a human [illegible].

A picture he painted of this imaginary scene created so much interest that he went on to other inventions, designing a combination animal that would have been quite as dangerous as the chemisette and much like it [illegible] that the combination was a [illegible] instead of a lion, a [illegible] and the head of an [illegible]

[illegible] another [illegible] is that of an [illegible]

Many articles and long [illegible] have [illegible] surface or are [illegible] The [illegible] yarns of mermaids, half human and half fish [illegible] them. They were small and shriveled, but there was the [illegible] with apparently human [illegible] head, all complete.

Careful scrutiny after the sailors had bought the marvels revealed where [illegible] had been neatly sewed to monkey bodies, but the purchasers made [illegible] profit on their return home by renting the mermaids for window displays and other places where the [illegible] not get too close. P. T. Barnum [illegible] cessfully put over a lot of things that would not stand investigation, but when he exhibited a [illegible] mandrill, with its [illegible] as if it had been painted with a brush, they yelled, "Fake!"

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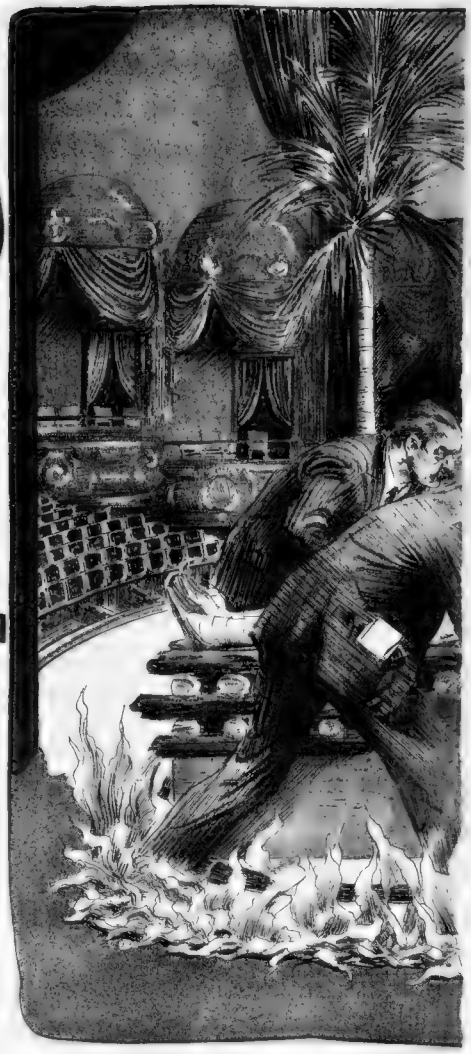
New Secrets of the Surete, The French Dete

Mlle. Adele Vanleur, the Unfortunate Girl Who Disappeared During the Illusion Act at the Magician's Theatre.



Francois Levallois, the Eccentric But Efficient Surete Detective Who Almost Lost His Life in the Strange Syzygy Murder Mystery Case.

"It was never quite clear to me what actually occurred. I remember a sudden blinding flash as the connection was made; from under the floor rose a deep powerful drone, echoed by a yell from Levallois, and wheeling fearfully I had a confused vision of flying scenery in the deep gloom behind the glass and from somewhere at the back of the stage came a faint metallic clang.

"The whole thing no more than the flick of a camera-shutter,

MR. H. ASHTON-WOLFE is well known to the readers of The American Weekly. For many years he was associated with the famous Dr. Bertillon, of the Paris Surete (French Detective Police), the foremost of all modern scientific detectives. Once more Mr. Ashton Wolfe has gone over his notebooks and the records of the Paris Detective Bureau, and in this new series now gives further examples of how the unerring instruments of science in the hands of highly-trained men often uncover the most carefully concealed trails of criminals and clear up the most baffling mysteries.

"The stories which I have selected for this series can be found in the official records. Some of the details have been set forth in dramatic form and purposely changed in order to avoid giving pain and reopening old wounds or for other reasons," Mr. Ashton-Wolfe writes.

"I have myself taken part in the investigations or the final trials of most of the criminals. Several of the cases I have specifically selected because of the ingenuity displayed both by the law-breakers and the investigators."

CHAPTER II.

By H. Ashton-Wolfe

Former Assistant of the Famous Dr. Bertillon, of the Surete (French Detective Police)

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(Continued from Last Sunday)

"IT'S a queer idea," Bertillon remarked, staring dubiously at the anxious-eyed young man who had been trying in vain to convince him, with much unnecessary gesticulation and emphasis, "of course the girl's disappearance is a mere coincidence. You don't seriously wish me to believe that this modern magician made a pact with the Devil—so that when he cried: 'Hey presto—vanish!' he caused your sweetheart Adele Vanleur to vanish into some dim region outside space? Really you know "

"You are putting it flippantly, Monsieur," our visitor interrupted vexedly "You quite forget that however much it may amuse you, this business is killing me. Besides, you know I didn't mean it just like that. I daresay I've explained myself badly—I—I hardly know what I'm saying. But there's no doubt this Jean Quito, as he calls himself, is a dangerous devil. There's Chink blood in him I happen to know, from his mother. He's quite capable, if thwarted, of kidnaping my fiancee or even—" his voice dropped to a whisper, "of murdering her, with the same uncanny ingenuity he displays in his tricks and illusions—so as to leave no trace

"He's made love to Adele ever since she became his assistant in various magical illusions. She wouldn't have anything to do with him of course, being engaged to me; but she liked the work and she admitted she tried to remain on friendly terms with the man. Lately however, when one of his mad fits of passion and jealousy was on him, his manner was so threatening she became frightened.

"She didn't tell me everything I'm afraid, not wishing to worry me, but I saw she was at times terribly depressed and unhappy! So finally I persuaded her to give notice; since then Quito was heard to threaten her, by several people. You must know that the star act of his performance is an illusion he calls 'Suttee —or a soul's metamorphosis'"

"After a lot of chanting and hocus-pocus, Miss Vanleur comes on in silver and white draperies, symbolical chains on her wrists, and does a 'temple dance.' She's supposed to be the dead rajah's favorite wife—who submits to being burned alive on a funeral pyre out of love. She's then led to the funeral pyre and laid on the logs. Flames made of streamers of silk, leap up all around her under a strong intermittent blast of air from below. There's more chanting, screams from the funeral pyre, and, as the lights dim, it changes to a glowing heap of blackened wood and finally to a mound of ashes, from which thereupon spring up flowers—the first of the soul's changes—and so on. It's done by a revolving platform and superimposed reflections

"Well—on Saturday night," Bertillon's visitor continued, "during the last performance of this illusion, my poor Adele was laid on the funeral pyre as usual; the artificial flames licked up about her, concealing her from the public; the chanting and cries were heard again—please note that, Monsieur, and when the flames died down and the pyre had become a heap of ashes she had vanished—absolutely vanished. For not a soul has set eyes on the poor girl since.

"I'm not trying to be melodramatic, Monsieur, I'm telling you the raw facts. She didn't go to her dressing room—as at other times—to get rid of her make-up and dress for the street, her work being finished for that night. And since then three days ago, my God! she is missing! I tell you. Monsieur, it's as though she had really been burnt to ashes—no one has seen her again—no one. She's gone—vanished, leaving no trace!"

"H-m-m! You say this fellow Quito had become so pressing in his attentions that the young lady decided to leave as soon as her contract expired, this week—was it?" Bertillon inquired. "Might she not have been so frightened that she ran away in order to avoid the man? Remember when I questioned you about the performance, you admitted the magician stood at the front of the stage during the whole act, dressed as a priest and chanting some Eastern air. So unless he caused your sweetheart to vanish by magic, I don't see how he could have had a hand in her disappearance."

"You are overlooking one most important detail, Sir!" the young man retorted angrily. "It is not necessarily the illusionist who stands chanting at the front of the stage. He sometimes has an assistant there dressed as he is—so as to be able when necessary to slip into the wings and see all is going right. With those flowing robes and white beard no one could spot the difference

"I suggest that's what he did this time. Who can tell what actually happened on the darkened stage under cover of the music and chanting, behind the screen of artificial flames? Don't forget she was quite alone on the stage for about twenty minutes. All the others were below, dressing or had gone already. Remember too that it was Saturday night and the last performance; he knew no one would worry about poor Adele until Monday night. I repeat, Monsieur, my poor fiancee could not have vanished more completely if——"

Bertillon made an irritable gesture and his voice was harsh: "For Heaven's sake, don't repeat that again! Stick to facts. I realize you're overwrought, but if I'm to help you at all, you must try to keep calm. Isn't there a doorkeeper, and a callboy? Did neither of them see her leave?"

"I questioned the doorkeeper! He pretended at first he'd seen her leave the theatre—but when I pinned him down to details, he was forced to confess he'd gone out for a drink between eleven and half past, and that he only thought he saw poor Adele turn the corner as he came out of the cafe across the street. That proves nothing—it might have been any of the supers. As for the callboy—he'd been sent on an errand—by Quito.

"It's quite certain she's not been home since. Oh, Monsieur, she's dead—she's dead! Think of it—three days and not a sign. And we were to have spent Sunday in the country together. What can have become of my poor girlie?'

The wretched man sank his face in his hands and sobbed

At that precise instant there came a knock on the door; at Bertillon's sharp invitation it was flung wide, and Jean Quito, the popular magician, came striding confidently forward

"Monsieur Bertillon, I have called—" he began loudly, but catching sight of our visitor he broke off abruptly—and for a fleeting second malevolent hatred gave his face a devilish expression.

"Aha, it's my friend Raymond Castaing!" he cried "I'm just in time I perceive!" And turning to my chief: "How do you do, Sir, I suppose this young fool has been trying to persuade you that I've made away with Adele Vanleur?" and suddenly his suave irony gave place to a burst of fury:

"You scoundrel, you'll be blackening my reputation once too often. I'm beginning to—" Then as Bertillon rose: "I beg your pardon, Monsieur, perhaps I'd better wait outside until. . ."

"No—no—no—I'm very glad you came when you did. We have, as you surmise, been discussing the extraordinary disappearance of your assistant, Mademoiselle Adele Vanleur, who I'm told has not been seen since she mounted the funeral pyre as usual in your Indian act on Saturday night.

"What do you imagine has become of the young lady? Monsieur Castaing accuses you of making love to her although you knew her to be his betrothed. Moreover, it would seem she's decided to throw up her job because your attentions were distasteful to her. What have you to say to that?"

And Bertillon pointed to a chair, placed so that the light should fall full on the man's face.

It was not a pleasant face. Pale almost to ghastliness, the inscrutable black eyes stood out in startling contrast under bushy brows. The sleek black hair, parted in the middle, hung so low that it had a startlingly effeminate effect, which the drooping moustache and the cruel, thin-lipped mouth merely enhanced, despite the massive chin.

"It's quite true that I love Mademoiselle Adele, and have loved her from the first moment I saw her," the man began settling himself comfortably and crossing his legs with nonchalance. "It's also true that I asked her to marry me. I am not ashamed of it—I am free and well off. Moreover in spite of what M. Castaing may think and say, the young lady promised to be my wife—"

"You lie, you dirty dog! You lie! You would never dare to say that to my sweetheart's face, nor would you say it to me anywhere else but in this office! You've murdered or kidnaped her and I'll prove it yet!"

Taking no notice of this outburst, the illusionist addressed himself to Bertillon: "Why should I have wished to harm the woman I love, Monsieur? Furthermore I was on the stage during the whole of this Indian act. If you'll allow me to describe the various phases, you will realize that I could not possibly have molested the young lady in any way—"

"M. Castaing has already described the act to me," Bertillon interrupted brusquely. "The only thing I'm concerned with is that Mademoiselle Adele has not been seen since she vanished in the gloom of the stage behind that screen of artificial flames. Can you suggest what happened to her?

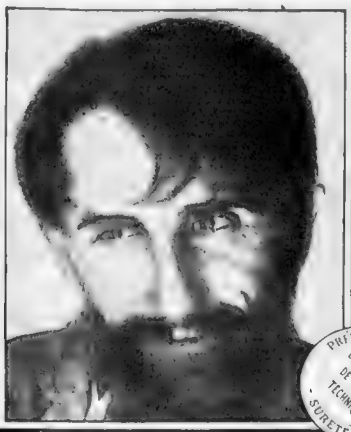
"Pardon me if I contradict you, Monsieur, Mademoiselle Adele went to her dressing room as usual, and was later seen by the doorkeeper to leave the building. It is unfortunately true that she did not turn up at Monday's performance but—"

"Was this unexpected—was the performance

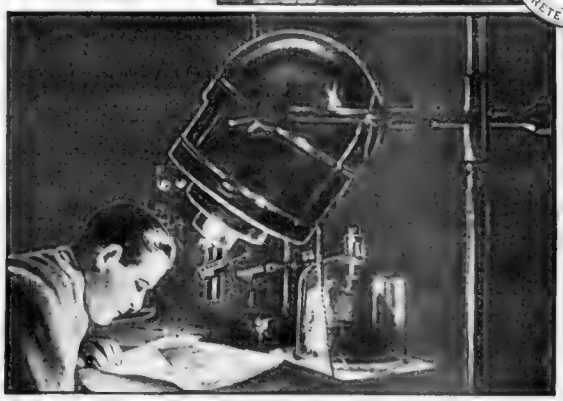
ctive Police

Mr. H. Ashton-Wolfe, Formerly of the Police Laboratories of Paris, and Associate of the Famous Dr. Bertillon, Gives Some More Striking Examples of the Scientific Detection of Crime, Together With Photographs from the Official Records

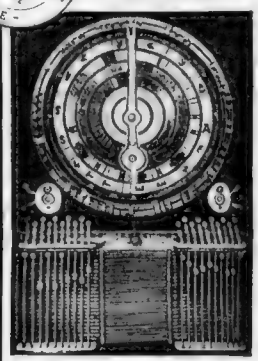
Conchita, Whose Mummified Body Was Unexpectedly Found in a Secret Vault in the Theatre, and on the Right, Jean Quito, the Magician.



Footprints Found Near the Opening to the Vault But Leaning Where the Sliding Board Covered the Floor.



Examining Clues Under the Ultra-Violet Ray Lamp in the Paris Surete Laboratory.



The Curious Automatic Switch That Controlled the Various Phases of the Strange Illusion.

then all was quiet and normal again.

"'The good God help us—what's become of Francois?' Bertillon exclaimed hoarsely, leaping to stop the mechanism and switching on the lights.

"At his unexpected cry I had rushed towards the platform—only to halt and stare incredulously: the wax figure still lay on the logs—but my friend in that instant had vanished utterly!"

canceled at the last minute or did you have a substitute ready?"

"Eh—er—no, that is—of course. In my profession you've got to have understudies to jump into the breach at a moment's notice for any important part. The performance must go on, whatever happens! When Monday night came and no Miss Adele, I was terribly upset! It was the first inkling I had of anything wrong.

"I at once made inquiries at her rooms; it seems she was heard to come home very late on Saturday, and to the amazement of the girl-friend with whom she shares her flat, she went out again shortly after. Since then no one has seen her. That in fact is why I have come, to request you to investigate the extraordinary occurrence. It is true her friend didn't see her, since the door was shut—but she's positive it was Miss Vanleur.

"I am naturally very anxious to know what has happened to my future wife. I hate to accuse anyone, but I believe M. Castaing knows all about it; I fear he is guilty of the very thing he tried to fasten on me. He's either kidnaped or murdered the unhappy girl. He would of course be furious at being jilted. I imagine he didn't mention that little fact to you—. Here—what the devil?"

We were just in time, Inspector Rousseau and I, to wrench away the pistol the exasperated young man had drawn, and to force him back into his chair.

During the next ten minutes our office resounded to the furious shouts and insults the two angry men hurled at each other. Bertillon calmly allowed them to go on unhindered for a while. He believed that "out of a quarrel comes the truth"—sometimes.

In the midst of the wordy warfare the door opened noiselessly and Francois Levallois slipped into the room as he caught sight of the illusionist I saw him start violently and his queer little simian eyes widened in amazement Then winking deliberately in my direction he stepped up to the man and holding out his hand, exclaimed

"This is indeed an unexpected pleasure! I little thought to see Senor Cortez y Valladolid in Paris!" And turning to Bertillon

"I made the acquaintance of Senor Cortez whilst attached to the Ribeiro Detective Agency in Rio de Janeiro. He came to us for protection because his life had been threatened by a jealous husband, I believe. Senor Cortez has always been a ladies' man, he-he! I am glad to see he followed our advice and left the country definitely It was I who smuggled him aboard the 'Nuestra Senora de las Nievas,' was it not, Senor?"

Never have I seen a man rally so swiftly under so crushing an exposure. Indecision, anger and a dawning terror flashed in swift succession across his face; then his jaw set firmly, and his voice was icy as he replied:

"My name is Jean Quito, my good man, and I'm glad to say I have never been in danger of being attacked by a jealous husband. It strikes me as somewhat peculiar, Monsieur Bertillon, that this fellow, whom I certainly don't know, should stalk in here just when I call on you. Is he by any chance a friend of M. Castaing?"

It was an excellent bluff, but lost much of its value by the genuine astonishment on the young man's face

"Don't be absurd," Bertillon said coldly. "Francois Levallois is a Surete officer. I think you had better leave now. I'll let you know if I have any news."

And nodding meaningly to Rousseau, he caused our visitors to be conducted, each one separately, to the gates.

"So that's the kind of fellow he is, eh?" he said when Rousseau had returned. "Well, you came just in time, Francois, I had begun to wonder which of the two ought to be suspected, after all it was only one man's word against the other's Now, however, I am really curious to learn what has happened to that poor girl

"Get busy on the case at once, Rousseau, and you too, Francois. You'd better verify the alibi this fellow Quito gave. Interview the girl with whom Adele Vanleur shares her flat, although I don't mind betting our friend the magician's been round already to see the various people concerned, nor can you rely very much on the callboy or the doorkeeper's evidence since Quito's their employer. About this Senor Cortez business by the way—is it going to help us at all, or is it just a dirty page in his past?"

Levallois shrugged his shoulders: "It's dirty all right. He managed to trump up a charge against the poor husband, who was arrested and sent to prison while the blackguard ran off with his wife—Conchita was her name. That's the type of man we are dealing with. If he'll stoop to so foul a scheme once, he's likely to do as much and worse where a woman is again concerned. Did you get his right name by the way, Monsieur?

Bertillon shook his head "No—I have yet to find out whether it's Quito or Cortez; for the moment it doesn't much matter. I have ordered Dubois to shadow him, and Colbert's keeping the young man under observation. I think I'll have our friend the illusionist taken before the magistrature tomorrow so as to get a clear afternoon to examine the theatre, though of course the young fellow's crazy theory that the girl vanished by means of some ingenious trick of hocus-pocus is too absurd to be entertained for a moment. It's probably just a coincidence that the girl decided to hurry away immediately after the act—it's even possible the magician was not bragging, and that, dazzled by his promises she's gone to him

"In that case he'll produce her all right if he thinks he's in any danger of being arrested. Telephone to Dufresne for me will you, and tell him to arrange for the magician to be in his office all tomorrow afternoon," my chief concluded turning to me.

The following day when I accompanied Bertillon to the "Theatre des Illusions," the disappearance of Mademoiselle Vanleur was already occupying several columns in the daily papers; evidently her sweetheart had been interviewing the editors

Since the first performance would not begin until eight o'clock we had plenty of time to examine the building in detail.

I believe my chief had gone there with the idea of finding some sort of recondite hiding place—a species of underground dungeon perhaps, but this theory was quickly upset. The ground floor was occupied by the vast hall and stage, behind which was another unusually spacious hall for the countless contrivances which had brought the magician fame and riches, while above were the workshops where these and similar apparatus were constructed, and finally under the roof was a rambling studio lit by a skylight in which several painters were busy

It was just a typical modern theatre—but Bertillon was stubborn. Sheltered by the drop curtain, he switched on several powerful arc-lamps and spent a couple of hours probing, measuring, testing, and scrutinizing with double lens every foot of the floor and walls, although they seemed commonplace and normal enough to me. After a time he forgot all about me and sank into a brooding contemplation of the dusty stage

He roused himself presently and crossing to where I sat at a small table, flung down a shred of white stuff—evidently ripped away from some oriental costume of silk and silver web, strongly hemmed with silver wire. As he indicated this unusual feature there was a sombre meaning in his words which surprised and perplexed me

"Take note of the way it's made," he said, "I found this fragment caught on a great rusty hook sticking out from the base of that imitation palm tree. There's no such piece missing from the dress hanging up in the new girl's dressing room, though it's the same kind of stuff. So he's not using the costume Miss Vanleur wore on the stage Saturday night. Yet you'd suppose that kind of loose garment would fit anyone—so why go to the expense of another therefore? There's no doubt the one I saw just now is brand-new. Of course, Miss Vanleur may have taken her costume with her. But then there's this to explain "

And he flung a pair of elegant high-heeled shoes on the table.

"They belong to the missing girl too. I'm told

(Continued on Page 26)

The King of Armageddon Island

by Edwin Rutt

A Millionaire's Yacht Grounds on an Uncharted Reef. An Island Castaway Says He Is a King. And an Amusing Short Love Story Results.

"I bid you welcome," Said the King, Sweeping the Hat in a Flourishing Gesture. "to Armageddon Island." Alonzo P. Rockburn Puffed to a Stop. "What a hell of a place," He Ejaculated.

"I say, Miss Rockburn—er, that is, Miss Chlorinda—um, ah, Miss Chloe—er, darling . . "

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"You're right," he said, extending his hand. "I'm Alonzo P. Rockburn of Philadelphia in America. This is my wife, my daughter and Mr. Plate. Now who are you? The captain's been telling me some fiddle-dee-dee about your calling yourself king here."

"The captain," said the king, "was sticking to the facts. I am the king."

Alonzo P. Rockburn stared. So did Mrs. Rockburn. Miss Chlorinda Rockburn gurgled deliciously. Mr. Frederick Plate seemed to sneer. The king, looking from one to another, categoried each with the rapidity of frightened lightning

Alonzo P. Rockburn, he decided, looked like the kind of fellow who spent his life packing infinitesimal portions of pork into cans of inferior beans and selling same to a negligent public at an atrocious profit. Mrs. Rockburn, gray-haired and spectacled, was a helpless sort, a worrier, no doubt, just a simple soul quite overcome with the unsuspected power that follows a plague-like distribution of pork and beans. With Mr. Frederick Plate, he was not impressed. The man irked him from the first. Tall, scant and sallow, with eyes that bulged grayly like those to be encountered in a dead fish. Captain Sheame has been right. Truly a bad bit of business. He turned from the contemplation of this unpromising trio and let his eyes rest upon Miss Rockburn

The African slave buyer, beholding a fair Circassian amidst an array of dusky debutantes from the reaches of the jungle, must have felt his heart leap up as at sight of a rainbow. In no less fashion did the heart of the King of Armageddon Island ascend as he gazed upon Miss Chlorinda Rockburn of Philadelphia. She was tall, slim-hipped, and she stood with all the insouciance that a sapling displays at the breeze created by a wren's wing. Her hair was a dark drift; her eyes black and smoky, and she had a trick of dropping a long, black-fringed lid over one left one so that it made you think vaguely of the ace of spades up a gambler's sleeve. Her nose was straight until just at the end when it took a little devil-may-care turn upward. She wore a short royal-blue jacket with silver buttons and a cream-colored flannel skirt. Her legs were long and brown. And somehow, they revealed shapely despite the fact that she seemed to have forgotten her stockings. Saddle-colored sandals covered her feet, and through the tips of these peeped criminated nails. The King of Armageddon Island had a good look and then, in a manner of speaking, staggered grimly to the ropes and hung on.

"I don't suppose, young man," said Alonzo P. Rockburn, jarring in like a tank careering through fairyland "that you would have any suggestions for getting us off this island."

The king smiled

"Not right at the moment," he said "But I'm giving the matter careful consideration. I may evolve something presently."

"Humph!" said Alonzo P. Rockburn, who chafed at all forms of inaction

"But until," continued the king, "I get a brainwave or some other Act of God occurs I offer you the freedom of the island. There is a kind of food, a kind of water, a kind of shelter. True, it is rough, primitive even. But such as it is you are welcome to it. I suggest that while awaiting some fortuitous event, we attempt to exist here as one big happy family."

"Hum!" said Alonzo P., already a family man

"Why, that's very nice of you. I'm sure, Mr. Mr.. " began Mrs Rockburn, and was forced to call it off through lack of knowledge

"I think it'll be swell," said Chlorina, flippantly.

Mr. Frederick Plate merely sneered

"How come," inquired Alonzo P., with interest, "that you're here?"

"It's a story," said the king, smiling, "that I'm having to tell you in the cool of the eve"

"Oh," said Miss Rockburn, "does it get cool at night?"

"Deliciously!" the king assured her

Upon hearing this news Mr. Frederick Plate ceased sneering long enough to grumble a "Thank Heavens!"

"And now, if you will allow me," said the king, expanding as a host, "I suggest that we all retire to my palm grove a little way back in the island."

"Good idea!" commented Alonzo P.

There was, however, a dissenting voice.

"Oh," said Chlorinda, who in private life was known

(Continued on Page 22)

SPEEDIER . . . EASIER . . . AND WAIT TILL YOU TASTE IT!

the NEW Minute Tapioca!

Cooks in 5 minutes —used to take 15!

[illegible] something [illegible]?
[illegible] Minute [illegible] ade-
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
Minute [illegible]

[illegible] milk-egg- [illegible] oca
[illegible] Minute [illegible] Lake
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] ever

[illegible] Minute Tapioca Cream. You'll
[illegible] [illegible] dessert
[illegible] must-do treat, a choc-
[illegible] [illegible] on through dozens of
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] (see the booklet
[illegible] Minute [illegible] product of General Foods

MARASCHINO SUNDAE CREAM—[illegible] NEW Minute Tapioca
Cream [illegible]

BANANA FLUFF [illegible]
NEW Minute Tapioca Cream

APRICOT MERINGUE—*the NEW Minute* [illegible]

THE NEW MINUTE TAPIOCA CREAM

[illegible] cups Minute Tapioca [illegible]
[illegible] cups sugar [illegible]
[illegible] teaspoon salt [illegible]
1 or 2 egg yolks [illegible]

Minute Tapioca, sugar, salt, [illegible] in top of double boiler and set aside to blend. [illegible] beaten egg yolks and [illegible] scalding point. [illegible] cook, stirring frequently. Remove from [illegible] Fold a small amount into egg yolks, return to remaining hot mixture and blend. Cool — mixture thickens as it cools. When chilled, fold in flavoring. Chill. Serve in sherbet glasses. Serves [illegible]

It pays to use Minute Tapioca for every tapioca dish. Here's why:

1. Minute Tapioca gives you a lighter, fluffier pud- [illegible]
2. Minute Tapioca [illegible] a [illegible] creation with fewer eggs.
3. Minute Tapioca [illegible] Minute's [illegible] from [illegible] Assuring [illegible] Always [illegible] quality. Other tapiocas [illegible]
4. Minute Tapioca is the only tapioca known [illegible]
5. Minute Tapioca [illegible]
6. Minute Tapioca [illegible] from [illegible] Assuring utmost [illegible] cleanliness and sanitation.

LOTS OF NEW CHEF'S SECRETS

[illegible] will tell you how to make new and delicious cream [illegible] Minute Tapioca. If you've not yet known new [illegible] will tell you why real cooking can't be purchased [illegible] new ways with [illegible] and tapioca, [illegible] Minute Tapioca packages. And for still more of such news, get a pencil and a postcard, and send for...

FREE! BRAND-NEW RECIPE BOOK AND SAMPLE!

[illegible] of 50 new, 50¢ thrilling new desserts! 21 ways

[illegible] Minute Tapioca, [illegible]
[illegible] Minute Tapioca Cooking, Dept. [illegible] Desserts [illegible]

The Shroud

Murder, Mystery and Romance on an Island of Peril

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

[illegible]

"I was merely telling Celia that she could count on—my support," Mallow Explained. "I had no idea anyone was spying on us—"

CHAPTER XXVI.
Hands of Help

NIGHT had fallen over the island. Garrett followed Dion to the door and stood peering into the murk. The swaying cocoanut-palm lights behind him cast a yellow shaft into the darkness with his own shadow in the middle. As he stood there, accustoming himself to the night, he heard Dan's whispered [illegible]

[illegible] Garrett softly. "I think I know what he's going to do, but not exactly how he'll do it."

Suddenly it was that he made a perfect target [illegible] the door. While he stood there uncovered, no threat except Linklater's small revolver that would be deadly only at close range. Also, [illegible] Beaver might have passed a knife to his confederate in the house. Garrett had a hunch that [illegible] with [illegible] Celia's young brother was [illegible] nerves.

[illegible] Celia for enlightenment as to what Vane might do, but as [illegible] no answer. [illegible] Garrett looked at [illegible] shelf [illegible] paper cutter. [illegible] Dion and Dan [illegible]

[illegible] Celia picked up a book, leaned back and crossed her knees.

Presently Dan emerged and started for the court. At the door Garrett spoke to him in the same low voice.

"Stick to water—and be careful what you eat, eh?"

Dan left himself out, but turned in the doorway.

"Holy mackerel!" he muttered. "Look at the fog!"

"Keep out of the light," warned Garrett, and shut the door on him. Mott had closed over the [illegible] window, obscuring the court [illegible] from the doorway.

[illegible] Celia had her [illegible] pages [illegible] was looking on the [illegible] for something. After a [illegible] she frowned impatiently [illegible] the book down beside her chair. She began [illegible] her feet.

"Lost something?" asked Garrett with [illegible] Celia's young brother was [illegible] nerves.

I merely wanted the paper cutter," she [illegible] in a flurry of [illegible] "I've got to watch myself, I [illegible]

However, [illegible] It might be [illegible] He knew all [illegible] that she [illegible] it was the [illegible] sharp the paper cutter."

Well, naturally! It was a dagger that belonged to Uncle [illegible] Celia jumped and stared with horrified eyes. It was very sharp and narrow—"bout five inches long—". She began to hunt feverishly among the things

(Continued on Page 29)

Kyanize FLOOR ENAMEL

Phone WESTERN UNION for NAME of NEAREST DEALER!

For smooth, colorful, waterproof floors. It applies easily. *Self smoothing.* Dries quickly. Withstands abuse on wood floors, cement or pattern-worn linoleum. Makes floors easy to clean. Popular colors. *Write Dept. 52, for booklet on natural colors, free.*

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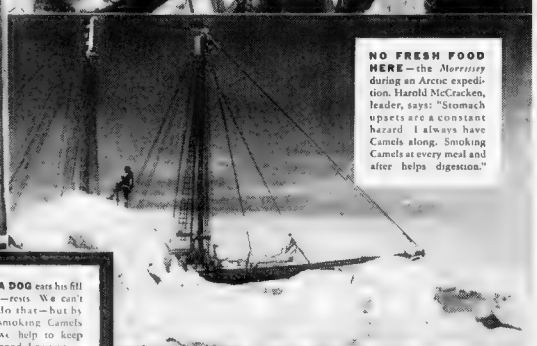
Modern Life is a strain on DIGESTION

Smoking Camels Helps to Ward Off Indigestion Caused by the Breathless Pace of Modern Living

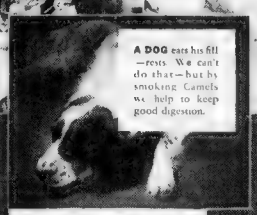
Faster—faster—faster goes the modern rush. People are always on the go. No wonder indigestion visits so many from time to time. People can't seem to pause for proper eating. But here's one simple step every one can take! Smoke Camels for the sake of the positive beneficial effect Camels have upon digestion. Camels stimulate and promote natural processes of digestion. They restore a feeling of well being. And above all, with their matchless blend of costlier tobaccos, Camels bring a supreme enjoyment of mildness and flavor that you can know in no other way!

THERE'S NOTHING MORE exhausting than the shove and tussle of shopping. Remember that Camels before, with, and after meals help digestion. They set you right.



NO FRESH FOOD HERE—the *Morrissey* during an Arctic expedition. Harold McCracken, leader, says: "Stomach upsets are a constant hazard. I always have Camels along. Smoking Camels at every meal and after helps digestion."

Modern life in one of its most attractive phases—the beautiful Trianon Room [illegible] at the Ambassador in New York—as seen during the dinner hour. Here are movie stars, women of society, leaders in industry and finance, aviators, champions—all the brilliant figures that make New York exciting. Louis, *maître d'hôtel* at this celebrated [illegible] of entertaining. Our guests come to the Trianon Room from New York and from all over the country to enjoy its exclusive atmosphere, good music, and fine food prepared and served for those who are accustomed to luxurious living. It is interesting to see how they agree in preferring Camels. Those who enjoy dining here also appreciate the delicate flavor of the finer tobaccos in Camels. Camels are an overwhelming favorite."



A DOG eats his fill—rests. We can't do that—but by smoking Camels we help to keep good digestion.

"DELIGHTFUL with meals and after, says Betty Chase, figure skater. "Camels make food taste better and help digestion along. And smoking a Camel is one of life's most agreeable experiences."

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COSTLIER TOBACCOS!

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For Digestion's Sake—*smoke Camels*

HANDSOME. LUSTROUS

11 5/16 INCHES LONG— DISTINCTIVE PATTERN

"A smart serving tray of a thousand uses . . . Lewis Jorgulesco, famous New York designer, put it for tomato cocktails . . . for little cakes, sandwiches, bread . . . for cream and sugar . . . or on one's dresser. The design and weight are excellent

"A $1.25 VALUE"

Says [illegible]

"I shopped over [illegible] in New York and Philadelphia [illegible] selling at $1.25 to $1.50 — the one I [illegible] $1.25."

[illegible]

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FOR A LIMITED TIME ONLY—ACT NOW!

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And the labels from two (2) cans of Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk

Try EAGLE BRAND for Instant SHORT-CUT COOKING

Magic! Make Coconut Macaroons by mixing 2 ingredients!

[illegible]

COCONUT MACAROONS

½ cup Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk

2 cups shredded coconut

Mix Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk and shredded coconut together. Drop by spoonfuls on buttered baking sheet about 1 inch apart. Bake in moderate oven (350°F.) 10 minutes or until a delicate brown. Remove from pan at once. Makes 24.

Magic! Make Failure-proof Chocolate Frosting in 5 minutes!

(spread on bruent layers—or on home-made cake)

CHOCOLATE FROSTING

2 squares unsweetened chocolate

1⅓ cups (1 can) Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk

1 tablespoon water

Melt chocolate in top of double boiler. Add Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk, stir over boiling water 5 minutes until it thickens. (It thickens by magic—to a glorious smoothness.) Add water. Cool. Spread on cold cake. Makes enough frosting to cover tops and sides of 2 (9-inch) layers, or top and sides of loaf cake generously, or about 24 cup cakes.

IMPORTANT: This offer is made solely to acquaint you with the [illegible] frostings puddings [illegible] can make in entirely new delicious ways with Eagle Brand. You'll find an astonishingly *magic* recipe on every Eagle Brand wrapper and label.

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that turned BROWN

can be
lightened 2 to 4 shades
with Shampoo-Rinse

BLONDEX

Sea Shroud

By Sinclair Gluck

(Continued from Page 18)

the table. "It's gone! I swear it was here Sunday."

"You mean the blade was five inches long?"

"Uh-huh! Oh, my goodness, do you think—" Celia stopped with a shuddering gasp. Abruptly her nerve gave way, and she went to pieces. She jumped up and ran to him, grabbed his coat with both hands and flung her head back.

"I might have touched it!" she gasped. "I want to get away from this horrible island! I can't bear it any longer." She dropped her face on one hand and began to cry.

Garrett caught hold of her arms and shook her.

"Stop that! he ordered rather hoarsely. "Snap out of it! I'm ashamed of you letting go like this."

Celia drew back and freed herself. Suddenly she ran past him and yanked the door open. As he moved to catch her, she recoiled so quickly that he missed her arm. The open door had revealed Mallow's chunky figure. He stood aside.

Face lowered, Celia ran out into the mist.

"Come in, if you were coming," said Garrett slowly.

Mallow entered and closed the door, looking affronted.

"Mr. Garrett," he announced in a flat voice, "I may not strike you as important around here, but I happen to be the legal owner of a half share in Mr. Osterhout's invention."

"You may be very important," said Garrett.

"I'd like to finish," Mallow retorted stolidly. "The plans are in his safe. They should be of immense value. May I ask why you, a stranger, are taking charge here?"

"Taking charge of what?"

"Of guarding the plans! Of investigating his death!"

"Well, who?" Garrett angled. "Which upsets you?"

"Please don't twist my words [illegible]." Mallow protested. "I'm not trying to [illegible] Miss Canning, I suppose, [illegible] to know [illegible] why you have [illegible]. That seems a reasonable question."

"Quite reasonable?" Garrett agreed dryly, to make the fat man lose his temper. His own temper was sore.

"Very well," said Mallow. "If you won't answer, I can wait until the detective arrives—and give him my views."

"But I will answer, Osterhout was curious. He and I were old friends. You were to be away. I think he had a premonition of death. He asked me to take charge. Everything happened. I've taken it and I mean to keep on doing so."

"I have only your word for it that [illegible] Mallow nervously. "You arrived and his death night — might seem to coincide—"

"That was a brave thing to say," Garrett acknowledged. "But I didn't kill Osterhout. His niece and Vane will confirm the fact that he put me in charge if anything happened. She might have told you that in the court a while ago."

Mallow looked startled. "We—weren't discussing you! I was merely telling her that she could count on my support."

"Was that all?" Garrett drawled.

"I've known her for a long time and grown fond of the child!" Mallow explained. "I had no idea anyone was spying on us."

"You've been plucky," said Garrett. "Better not start getting reckless."

Mallow flinched and retreated a step. "Perhaps that was uncalled for," he said hastily. "But I'm worried about the plans. Her fortune and mine are tied up in them. Mr. Osterhout might at least have told one of us the combination of his safe."

"I'll grant you that — but they're quite secure."

Mallow looked down at his hands. "Well, I naturally wanted to know what's going on," he explained.

"At the moment, Edwards and Huckle are guarding the safe in there—along with Osterhout's body."

"That's just it!" said Mallow, with a badgered air. "My wife tells me you suspect somebody on the island, somebody in the household! Yet you trust these old soldiers! I never believed in hiring them. She's told me what happened last night. Those men roam the island, armed with rifles. One of them may have fired those shots. One of them may have killed Osterhout! Don't you see?"

From across the court came the sound of the dinner gong, curiously muffled by the fog.

"Why?" asked Garrett. "They were old friends."

"So were the rest of us—all of us," said Mallow.

"Well, the ex-marines can't get into the safe."

"Neither can anyone else," Mallow retorted, uneasily. "Yet Mr. Osterhout was murdered. I don't trust those men, and when the detective comes I mean to warn him against them!"

"Please yourself," said Garrett. "I'm going to eat."

He broke off and turned his head sharply. Just inside the little hall loomed the doctor's big figure, coming from his bedroom. He had halted there, a curiously intent look in his bulging eyes. He dropped them and lumbered forward.

Garrett Caught Hold of Celia's Arms and Shook Her. "Stop that!" He Ordered Rather Hoarsely. "Snap out of it! I'm ashamed of you—letting go like this—"

"All nonsense!" he grumbled. "Eating so late—"

"Guess all doctors learn to move softly," said Garrett.

With a shrug, Mallow turned and went out. Linklater mumbled under his breath and followed, ambling wide of Garrett.

As they tried to gauge their way across the court he fell in at their heels. The mist was thick tonight; a vast, engulfing dampness that clung and smothered all sound.

Keeping back, Garrett thought over Mallow's attitude toward the ex-marines, and that intent look in the doctor's eyes. More undercurrents—drifting him in circles.

He caught the muffled boom of Linklater's voice.

"This provoking fog! It gets on my nerves!"

Garrett scowled at the apt allusion to his own state of mind. His shoulder ached. Placer was informa[illegible]

A blur of yellow from the kitchen windows guided him to the left wing entrance. He blundered in after Linklater and closed the door. When he entered the dining room, Vane, Celia and Mrs. Mallow had taken their places. Susan hovered in the background. Linklater had reached for his chair. At the near end of the table Mallow was just sitting down.

As Mallow sank in his place he rose again swiftly and turned. What he saw made him leap back with a shuddering cry, his face suddenly livid.

In the midst of a stunned silence, Garrett advanced.

On the chair-seat lay two clumps of kelp, bound with fishing line. Diabolical artistry had woven and tied them to resemble half-closed yellow hands with bulbous fingertips.

The bits of line which tied the wrists and separated the fingers Garrett recognized as just like the cord he had discovered in Vane's dressing gown, and found also on the spear.

CHAPTER XXVII.
The Cop Takes Over.

CELIA and Mrs. Mallow stumbled to their feet, cowering to see Mallow's chair. The doctor veered to inspect it. Only Vane remained [illegible]

Mallow's strange eyes looked glazed. His forehead glistened with perspiration. He pointed a shaking hand.

"Take them—away," he said.

Garrett picked up the seaweed and opened the window, looking back over his shoulder. When he had flung the slippery kelp outdoors and relocked the window, Celia and Mrs. Mallow turned their eyes on Vane. The older woman looked half beside herself with hate and fury. Her ugly hands opened and closed.

"Dion!" Celia stamped. "That was a cruel thing to do!"

Shaking with rage, Mrs. Mallow found her voice.

"It was a sneaking, treacherous thing to do!" she corrected savagely. "If I had my way, young man, I'd—I'd—!"

Vane looked up at her, his dark eyes glittering.

"Yes, Mrs. Mallow? You'd what?"

"I'd have you publicly whipped and thrown into jail!" she gasped. "You foul little ape!"

Mallow had tottered back to his chair. He took her by the arm. She flinched, looked at him and subsided with a queer, strangled moan of pity. Celia caught her breath audibly in the silence. Vane glanced at the wide-eyed English girl.

"Come along, Susan," he ordered. "I'm hungry."

Muttering under [illegible] Linklater sat down. Mallow resumed his chair, still trembling a

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(Continued on Page 24)

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WHAT'S THE USE OF LOOKING FOR A JOB?.. I GET TURNED DOWN EVERYWHERE
YOU WOULDN'T BE IF YOU'D TIDY UP... ESPECIALLY YOUR SHOES
I DID SHINE THEM, BUT THEY DON'T LOOK IT NOW
USE SHINOLA, SON. IT GIVES A REAL SHINE THAT LASTS
THAT'S A SWELL SHINE. I WONDER WHAT HE USES?
TO HIMSELF
ABILITY... GOOD APPEARANCE... VERY NEAT
HEY, MOM! THAT SHINOLA SHINE GOT ME THE JOB

WIN admiring glances yourself. Shine up with Shinola. See what a *real* shine will do for scuffed, dingy-looking shoes. It's quick and easy with Shinola. Because this polish is made exclusively for home use . . . with imported Carnauba wax and deep dye that banishes scuff marks instantly. All colors at all stores.

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Draw beer the way you've always wanted it. Beer — with its goodness protected. Beer — at its best when the brewer packs it with the brewery flavor sealed in!

"Keglined" — brings you just that. It takes teams to make this remarkable, new-day container for beer. And now it takes tens of millions of cans each month to keep pace with your demand! "Keglined" is fast changing a nation's idea of the way to enjoy beer at its best.

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HE. Hello, darling. I've never have a more beautiful sight than I have ever seen in telling about it ought to be it.
SHE. Oh, ... What will you do if ... feels delicious?
HE. So ... Dear, now there's a slick gadget. One punch does the trick.
SHE. And ... Now ... same ... it.
HE. You know, you don't have to put any deposit ...
SHE. That means I won't have to lug any more empties back to the store.
HE. From now on, let's get all our beer that way. They tell me the important thing to look for is the trademark "Keglined".
HE. See ... right on the side of the can.

Look for the word

on the side of every can of beer you buy

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The King of Armageddon Island By *Edwin Rutt*

(Continued from Page 16)

[illegible] Chloe. I don't want to sit in a palm grove. I'd rather see the island."

"Humph!" declared Alonzo P. emphatically. "I'm doing no [illegible] going to sit [illegible] a tree, if you have [illegible] damned island or [illegible] archipelago, or what-[illegible]"

[illegible] said Mrs. Rock-[illegible] better."

"And the same goes for you," [illegible] the head of the [illegible]

[illegible] the king [illegible] them-selves. If Miss [illegible] desires [illegible] pleased [illegible] The rest of you [illegible] situated [illegible] shack which you can [illegible]

Mr. Frederick Plate [illegible] his lips to prove beyond [illegible] of doubt that he was a [illegible] of business.

"Believe I'll take a look at this rotten island too," he said. He gave the king a glance that had [illegible]

[illegible] Mr. [illegible] its chains. He [illegible] I shall be happy [illegible] the [illegible]

[illegible] advised Alonzo P. "I'm off for those palm trees."

Strangely enough the king did not move. His eyes were fixed upon Mr. Frederick Plate as [illegible] some sort of [illegible] in review beneath a microscope.

"My dear fellow," said the king at last, nodding his head solemnly, "I don't want to alarm you, but I'm certain of it. Yes, indubitably!"

Mr. Plate fidgeted.

"Wh-what?" he demanded.

The king turned to Alonzo P.

"Does he," he inquired, "or does he not, look green to you?"

Alonzo P. peered at Mr. Plate.

"Now you mention it," he said, "he does look funny. But he isn't green. He's blue."

"Poor daddy!" murmured Mrs. Rockburn with accents of sympathy. "Always a trifle color blind."

Chloe's left eyelid creased to hide the eye.

"Why, you are green, Freddy," she said. "Green as spinach."

Mr. Plate at bay took a stance.

"Say, listen!" he growled [illegible]. "What's this all about? Green? You're ga-ga."

The King paid no attention to this.

The King Took a Drink. "It is Yellow-Faced Jack, the Scourge of the South Pacific, you see approaching. Well, having no boots I can't die with them on. Consequently I don this hat"—He Put on His Derby—"and await my end dressed, to the best of my ability, as a king."

"I was almost convinced when he stepped out of the boat," he said, "but I wanted to be sure. It's really not frightening at all. You see, the disease is not uncommon in these islands. One of the first symptoms is the tinge of green that you can now see plainly creeping up toward his eyes. Later on, perhaps, fits of [illegible] may follow, though this does not occur in all cases. There is a technical name for the [illegible] which eludes me at the moment, but the [illegible] call it Baba-baba. Absolute relaxation is required."

"You're cock-eyed!" cut in Mr. Plate [illegible].

"Listen, Freddy!" said Chloe. "Be reasonable! This gentleman knows far more about these islands than you do. And you are green, you know. Green as a gambling table."

"Uh," said Mr. Plate, taken aback.

"The quickest known relief," went on the king in a lecture platform tone, "is the [illegible] of a palm leaf brought into direct contact with the forehead. Do not ask me to explain. But there is something in the [illegible] of the vegetable that [illegible] the possibility of insanity to a bare minimum. We are fortunate in having a surfeit of palm [illegible]. During the treatment the patient should remain [illegible]

[illegible] lie down, Freddy," [illegible] Chloe.

"I [illegible]" stormed Mr. Plate.

"Freddy! To please me!"

"I [illegible]"

"Freddy!"

"Oh, all right," said Mr. Plate sulkily.

"I [illegible]" said Mrs. Rockburn [illegible] to [illegible] the biggest palm leaf on the island."

"Well, then, [illegible]" said Alonzo P. fretfully. "Let's [illegible] stand here in the heat. Don't be a fool, Freddy! If you're sick, you're sick."

Presently the king [illegible] Chloe stood alone.

"We[illegible]" said Chloe, dropping [illegible] all [illegible] think of it?"

"We kings," said the king, "have to think fast. Shall we saunter?"

"We shall," said Chloe. "I [illegible] rather interested in you. I want to know what an Englishman is [illegible] out here?"

The king with difficulty [illegible] strained himself from taking her arm.

"Do you mind," he said, "if I wear my hat? It makes me feel more regal."

"Do!" urged Chloe. "It's a charming hat. Whose was it last?"

"Noah's," said the king. "He put it on when they sighted Ararat. Tell me, do you think your fiance will look well in a palm leaf?"

"How did you know he was my fiance?"

"I had it from the skipper. But"—he let his steely eyes rest upon her—"did you really feel you had to do it?"

She shrugged. "Oh, I don't know. We had a party in Honolulu. It must have been the champagne. Or the moonlight."

"Ah!" murmured the king.

"Freddy," explained Chloe, as if to justify herself, "follows me all around the world like a trained albatross."

"For which," said the king, "nobody should lead Freddy to a gibbet."

She smiled up at him. "Your Majesty works fast."

"My Royal Highness," apologized the king, "is a little out of practice. Then, too, I'm sort of stunned. I didn't expect ahem—Aphrodite to leave the foam near my particular island."

Chloe shook her head. "You [illegible] practice. You're a professional."

"As we walk," said the king, "I shall endeavor to improve. You can't expect much from a castaway who's just been bashed by a streak of black lightning."

"I'll let that one blow over," said Chloe, "because you're English. In your quiet way you English are great kidders."

"Kidders? You mean leg-pullers? You wrong us. We're sincere and direct."

"How comforting! Now why aren't you in England carrying [illegible] through? I love England."

"Oh, you've seen it."

"Would I love what I haven't seen? We visited Shropshire last Summer."

"Is it possible? My home was near there before I became a king."

"Oh, then you must know everybody we knew."

"Well, whom do you know?" asked the king guardedly.

"Oh, let's see. Shropshire? Well, we visited Alcea Friar [illegible] then there was Sybil Hart-[illegible]ther and Mike Cazelet and Lord Johnny Claren and—Oh, I just can't remember."

"We[illegible] I know that crew," said the king. "Mike Cazelet and I have been mates for years."

"You really knew them? Isn't [illegible] Don't you love old Lord Johnny Claren?"

"I [illegible] not," said the king. "I think he's a mug."

[illegible] eyes widened. "But [illegible] lamb."

"He isn't. He's an old he-goat."

"He is not. He's a lamb."

Chloe laid a hand, cool and [illegible], on the king's arm. "Oh, [illegible] not fight. Tell me why [illegible] here?"

"No," said the king. "I'm lecturing later. Right now I'm content with just walking along this [illegible] island with you."

"Is [illegible] lovely?"

"For the last hour," said the [illegible] it's been almost radiant."

[illegible] gave him a level look. [illegible] pitch them up straight and [illegible], O King."

He waved a hand. "I'm a man of few words. But I endeavor to make every one do damage."

Chloe's eyes dropped. "Well, go on. I sort of take to your technique. But you really ought to tell me your name."

"We kings," said the king cautiously, "always carry a lot of names for convenience. But why don't you call me Rex? That's eminently suitable."

"I'd love to," said Chloe. "I had a fox-terrier named Rex [illegible]."

"Don't confuse us in your mind," said the king. "I'm the one with the underwear."

* * *

Night had dropped like a dark bird over Armageddon Island.

"O King," said Miss Chlorinda Rockburn, leaning back comfortably against the base of a palm tree, "I hereby award you the [illegible] a safety razor for having won the [illegible] Championship of Armageddon Island in a walk."

The king bowed. "Words fail me, as I gratefully accept."

"Words," interrupted Chloe, "come as natural to you as feathers to a duck." She shook her head. "That apple sauce [illegible] my poor [illegible] parents. You don't seriously stick to that, do you?"

"I do," said the king gravely. "As I said, we were a gay party of sportsmen who set off from the Australian coast seeking the thrills of hunting and fishing in this little green Barrier Reef. The hurricane [illegible] I say typhoon [illegible] settle on typhoon [illegible] sounds more drastic—took us completely unawares."

"Yes, I remember," said Chloe. "You were very dramatic in that part. Clinging to a spar I watched, with horror, as the huge combers swept away comrade after comrade, etc., etc. I like that 'with horror' [illegible]. It's those little touches that lifted your story out of the news report class and made it drama."

"But you don't believe," asked the king, "that I'm the sole survivor of that gay but ill-fated party. You doubt my veracity?"

"But I prostrate myself before Your Majesty's creative genius. You know you've really talked Freddy into being ill! He's got indigestion. Captain Sheame has taken him back to the Esmeralda."

The king winced. "Please. I shall always think of her as [illegible] as the Bluebell. But Freddy should stick to a strict diet of turtle eggs, as I do."

"There you go!" said Chloe. "The truth isn't in you. I'm sure you've been living on the fat of the land. I saw matches in your shack and just a few yards from here there's a very disreputable heap of unburied gin bottles. Whereas you said that everything on your boat was lost."

"Gin floats!" said the king solemnly.

"No [illegible] amphibious gin. Listen, did the captain tell you about that boat that passed us the other night?"

"Yes." The king's voice became serious. "And I don't want to alarm you, Miss Chlorinda, but I'm a little worried."

"Worried? Why?"

"Well, you remember you saw a man with a yellow face through the glasses?"

"Yes. The captain reported that he looked like a dreadful creature."

The king nodded. "Dreadful is right. Unless I'm very much mistaken the man you saw was none other than Yellow-Faced Jack of Shanghai, the Terror of the Bund. He's the most notorious pirate in the South Pacific."

Chloe laughed. "How thrilling! I've always wanted to meet a pirate."

"You personally," said the king, "have nothing to fear! Jack, I've heard, is uncommonly shy with women. But I'm sure he'll cut Freddy's throat. Freddy's the kind that Jack takes a natural disaffection for—on sight."

"Well," said Chloe, "I rely on you to protect us. If Yellow-Faced Jack comes perhaps you'll tell him a few lies to keep him away."

The king sighed. "Still doubting. Ah well, better men than I have been hooted to scorn. Look at Socrates."

"You look at him!" said Chloe.

"No," said the king. "I'd rather look at you." He found a

(Continued on Page 23)

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Rust and sediment collect in automobile radiators through the winter. Now it's time to clean out the cooling system of your car. Remove anti-freeze and get ready for summer driving. Unclog the delicate veins that keep the motor from overheating. You can do it yourself in a few minutes—with Sani-Flush. It costs only ten cents.

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YOU can't [illegible] just [illegible]

It isn't the powder [illegible] Look at your [illegible] with [illegible] smoothest powder in clumps!

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"As a keratolytic cream (Vanishing Cream) touches the skin, an instant softening takes place. Dried-out surface cells melt away. Young cells, full of life, come into view. The skin immediately takes on the youthful characteristics of smoothness and fine texture."

This shows plainly why Pond's Vanishing Cream does your skin so much good. Call it a powder base, if you wish—it's a perfect one! But more still—Pond's Vanishing Cream is a true skin softener. It acts as a beauty treatment all the time it's on.

For a smooth make-up—Face all clean? Then apply a light film of Pond's Vanishing Cream. You can't tell it's on, except that your skin is [illegible] Not a rough place left. Powder and rouge go on evenly—won't flake at all.

Overnight for lasting softness—After your regular nightly cleansing, treat your skin with Pond's Vanishing Cream. It disappears, won't even smear the pillowcase. Next morning, your complexion looks finer, every inch of your face soft and smooth!

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ACID INDIGESTION
Alkalize Your Stomach This Way in Few Minutes

ALKALIZES DISTURBED STOMACH ALMOST INSTANTLY

If you want really quick relief from an upset or painful stomach condition, arising from acidity following over-eating, smoking, unfortunate mixtures of food or stimulants, just try this:

Take: Two teaspoonfuls of Phillips' Milk of Magnesia in a full glass of water.

Or — two Phillips' Milk of Magnesia tablets: each of which contains the exact equivalent of a teaspoonful of the liquid form.

This acts almost immediately to neutralize the excess acid in the stomach. Thus relieving the condition which fosters headaches, nausea, acid indigestion pains and upsets. *You feel results at once.* It's really marvelous.

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Try it next stomach upset you have. AND — *if you are* a frequent sufferer from "acid stomach" and indigestion, *use it 30 minutes after meals*—either the liquid or the tablets. You'll soon forget you have a stomach.

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A big box of the tablets, to carry with you, costs only 25¢.

NOW ALSO IN TABLET FORM

PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA

The King of Armageddon Island *By Edwin Rutt*

(Continued from Page 22)

use for his right arm. "I say, Miss Rockburn—er, that is Miss Chlorinda—um, ah, Miss Chloe—er, darling."

"Go on, king!" Chloe's eyes were two misty lights shining out of shadow. "Single out the world you want and chase it into the open."

"Hell!" said the king. "Words are entirely superfluous." He kissed her very suddenly.

"Why, your Royal Highness!" said Chloe startled. "How senseless! But never mind! It gives me an idea for a story. Kissed by a Castaway."

* * *

From two deep wicker chairs on the after deck of the Fasmeralda Miss Chloe Rockburn and the King of Armageddon Island gazed across a narrow strip of blue sea to where a small black-hulled boat rolled lazily in the gentle swell of the Coral. Before them on a small table stood two glasses filled with liquid in which ice cubes floated.

"Darling," said the king, "just think how perfect it would have been. Here we sit refreshing ourselves with your sire's most excellently-chosen liquor. It is the siesta hour and your good parents, now Morpheus's, Mr. Frederick Plate, in the throes of digestion, tosses in his bunk. What an idyl! In a couple or two we could have gone ashore stood beneath a palm and agreed that in the sight of God we were man and wife. A pity to think to yesterday! But it's too late now. Yellow-Faced Jack of Shanghai, the Terror of the Bund, has come. And, instead of settling down to a peaceful existence, we shall have to have our throats cut. Rather mouldy, isn't it?"

Chloe strained her eyes toward the black hulk.

"They've got the boat lowered," she said, "and four of them are getting into it. And—yes, I can see the man with the yellow face."

The king took a drink. "Yellow Faced Jack, the scourge of the South Pacific. Well, having no boots I can't die with them on. Consequently I don this hat"—he put on his derby—"and await my end dressed, to the best of my ability, as a king."

"Here was I thinking to marry the world's richest bachelor, the king's son."

"Look Rex!" she said. "There is an elderly man with them."

That "and the king "must be none other than the Fye-of-A-Evil Hee-Jacks Prom Mi-ster Chancellor of the Exchequer, and what-not. An absolutely good scoundrel, as ever sailed the seas."

"Well, Captain Sheame will have to take charge," said Chloe. "There's no use wasting father. His language is awful when he's disturbed."

"He and Jack should get together," said the King. "But look! Can't the captain see them a broads-de?"

Chloe shook her head. "We're nothing more south than a fo'tan-pot ahead."

The king raised his glass. "Well, then, darling, see you in the next incarnation. Meet in the same place. That's Latin for pearl, or get it?"

The other boat came nearer. Aboard a sudden flurry developed. Chloe Rockburn was out of her chair and rushing excitedly to the side of the yacht.

"Rex!" she cried. "Come quick! I think I know that cheerly man! And if it is that varying will knock!"

But—

Laugh! Oh, I'm sure it is!" Chloe waved both arms frantically. "Hello, Johnny!"

From across the water came a voice. "Ahoy, ahoy!"

"Oh, I say, I know," said Chloe, dancing up and down. "It's Johnny!"

It is the Excel Ah Pye, and the language is a bit offish.

But the two boats were close now, and Lord Johnny Claren was standing up in her.

"Well, dash my buttons!" he bellowed. "Is that Chloe Rockburn?"

In the whole range of Rockburn family cabled back Chloe. "Oh, Johnny, I could kiss you!"

They came aboard. Lord Johnny Claren appeared first. Behind him followed a lean individual whose face was unhealthily tinged with yellow. An, burgeoning, the rear words, pyjamas and wraths of scarlet hose.

Lord Johnny asked if Chloe were through with her antics. He gave her a cold, fishy kiss on the finch as both Chloe and the King of Armageddon Island shook hands. A sailor climbed up, greeting nobody in particular. Yellow-Faced Jack of Shanghai, the Terror of the Bund, came aboard and stood with his long fingers on the rail.

"You bested story. You've cabled me for a set of the wager."

The king drained the glass.

"Cheerio, old soul!" he said. "I've done nothing of the kind. The terms were that I was to submit on what Nature provided. Well, Nature provided the yacht Esmeralda."

"For the love of Pete," broke in Chloe, "can't we settle this question? You'll pardon my short cut."

"Johnny," said the king, "your manners are atrocious. If I were there yes, darling. That banana specimen there with the deep lemon complexion is Yellow-Faced Jack of Shanghai, the Terror of the Bund."

"What?" gasped the yellow-faced one. He turned to Chloe. "I'm Jack Shorewether, and I live in New York City. I've never been to Shanghai in my life. Am I certainly look yellow because I'm just getting over jaundice. How do you do?"

An arose too beautiful star ing foolishly in the rear, continued the king, imperturbably "are Messrs. Fry and Pye, better known as the Pagoda Murderers."

"Shut up, Rex!" commanded Lord Johnny. "They're just two nice boys from America, Chloe."

Chloe turned to Johnny, who stood pulling his white moustache.

"Johnny," she said, indicating the king, "will you please tell me who on earth this languid individual with the magical cut is?"

He calls himself the King of Armageddon Island. I ask you is that what a real king looks like?"

Lord Johnny snorted. "King my foot! That's Rex Revelan, the most troublesome damned young jackanapes of a ward that any man ever had. God has seen reason to visit judgment upon me. I'm his guardian."

But why—

He boasted," continued Lord Johnny. "Being of that boastful nature, he boasted he could subsist upon Armageddon Island for a fortnight taking what Nature provided. He's taking it now. I see, as fast as he can guzzle it down."

"But he had the unmitigated effrontery to bet a thousand dollars of my money, mind you, with Mr. Shorewether here. Very rightly, Mr. Shorewether took him up. Well, we put him ashore and allowed him a dozen bottles of gin. I don't want to be hard on him. We also let him take his bowler. Doesn't look a fool in it?"

"Then he wasn't shipwrecked?" said Chloe.

"Shipwrecked?" queried Lord Johnny. "Poppycock! Bilge! He's just a born liar."

I knew it," said Chloe, emphatically. "But, Johnny, why on earth did you pass us in that storm the other night?"

Johnny turned upon the yellow-faced one and again extended the accusing finger.

"Captain, skipper, he said a really quite awful oath on the word, you're carrying. He was unfit for anything when the duty came to fetch Rex off this place. But we had to come according to the terms of the wager."

Well, the finger wagged on and Jack Shorewether, alias Yellow-Faced Jack of Shanghai, the Terror of the Bund, seemed to shrink away. "This poisonous leprous excuse for a human being swore that he knew enough navigation to find this island. He lied. And for two days he has jeopardized our lives sailing aimlessly around those treacherous shoals. We got here today by sheer luck."

The King of Armageddon Island went into sudden convulsions.

Ha-ha!" he roared. "Ho-ho! He! He! Isn't that perfectly spiffing? You lose the bet, Daddy Jack. You fetch Rex off at the appointed time."

Aaaaah!" said Jack, getting a world of disgust into it.

In addition to which continued Lord Johnny "Jack Shorewether is the worst sailor on this green earth. When we passed you the other night he was being indisposed at the rail. He said later that he got your distress signal, but at the time it didn't seem important to him. I believe...in God's name, what's that?"

From somewhere in the depths of the yacht there issued a sullen roar. "What's all the disturbance?" Why in hell can't a man get a wink of sleep on his own yacht?"

The rubicund face of Alonzo P. Rockburn popped suddenly into view. And Alonzo P., on the verge of slaughter, stopped in his tracks and permitted his mouth to fall open.

"Alonzo!" roared Lord Johnny Claren.

Johnny!"

"Well, what in the devil," demanded Alonzo P., almost embracing His Lordship, "are you doing here?"

Fishing party to the Barrier Reef," said Lord Johnny. "Myself, English and American. All good sportsmen!"

Alonzo P. ran around in circles.

"Steward!" he shouted. "Where in the devil are you? Get something to drink and get it blamed quick!"

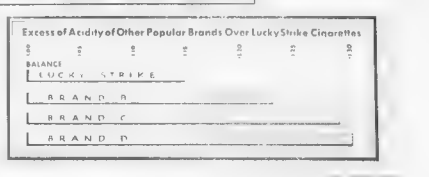
A LIGHT SMOKE
OF RICH, RIPE-BODIED TOBACCO

All kinds of people choose Luckies, each for reasons of his own. But everyone agrees that Luckies are A Light Smoke of rich, ripe-bodied tobacco. It is a rather surprising fact that the leaves of the same tobacco plant may vary far more than the leaves from plants of quite different types. Chemical analysis shows that the top leaves contain excess alkalies which tend to give a harsh, alkaline taste. The bottom leaves tend to acidity in the smoke. It is only the center leaves which approach in nature the most palatable, acid-alkaline balance. In Lucky Strike Cigarettes, the center leaves are used.

Luckies are less acid

Recent chemical tests show* that other popular brands have an excess of acidity over Lucky Strike of from 53% to 100%.

*RESULTS VERIFIED BY INDEPENDENT CHEMICAL LABORATORIES AND RESEARCH GROUPS



Luckies —"IT'S TOASTED"

Your throat protection—against irritation —against cough

"Here's Way To Look Half Your Age"

Edna Wallace Hopper... Who at Past Sixty Has the Skin of a Girl...Tells How She Does It.

I am past sixty, says Mrs. Edna Wallace Hopper, yet how many women here are older? I've been honored from time to time as the most beautiful woman in the world with the most glorious hair. People call me "The Girl of Old." At a grandmother's age I still have all the thrills of a girl.

Now let me tell you how I do it. Follow it and I promise you that you'll look 40. If you're 60 or 70, so much the better. And if you're 20 or 25, look to the skin of your face. When I've given it to you, call it a day. It takes 10 years from the face in 10 minutes.

It is the discovery of a famous French scientist, who startled the cosmetic world by discovering that the Oils of Youth could be *artificially re-supplied* to the skin of fading women. He found that after 25, most women were deficient in certain youth oils. Oils that kept the skin free of age lines and wrinkles. And then, by a notable scientific discovery, he found a way to re-supply the skin daily with these oils.

This method puts those oils back in your skin every day. Without them you are old. With them you are young—alluring, charming.

All you do is smear it on your face like a good cream. *Let it stay on.* Let it stay on. Then watch how the skin will absorb every bit of it. *literally drink in the youth oils it contains.* It is one of the most amazing demonstrations in scientific youth restoration known. Lines and hollow places soon go. You look years younger after the first treatment. Youth and allure come back. At over 60—I am *living proof.*

The method is called Edna Wallace Hopper's Special Restorative Cream. You can get it at any drug or toilet goods counter. Try it. It may give your life a new meaning.

Butter Horns

CREAM 1 cup butter and 1 cup sugar gradually as if beat until smooth. Separate 3 eggs, add egg one at a time, beating after each. Then add 1 teaspoon salt, the grated rind of lemon, 1 yeast cake dissolved in ½ cup lukewarm milk and 4½ cups sifted flour and knead until smooth and elastic. Cover and set in a warm place until double in bulk, about 2 hours. Turn out on floured board, roll ¼ inch thick, cut in circles 3 inches in diameter. Brush with softened butter and then with Danish lemon nut filling, and each round into 4 equal parts through center. Roll from long end to opposite point. Give each piece into a crescent shape. Place in a greased tin, let rise until light, about 2 hours. Bake in a moderate oven or at about 350 degrees. While warm cover with a plain icing. Flavor with a few drops almond extract. To make the Danish lemon nut filling, cream 3 tablespoons butter, add ½ cup sugar gradually and then add ½ cup finely chopped blanched almonds, the grated rind of ½ lemon and just enough slightly beaten egg to make a paste.

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Stop COUGHS quicker by "Moist-Throat" Method

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THE usual cause of a cough, chest cold, sore throat, hoarseness, tickling throat and nasty hacking cough is dry throat! Dry throat makes you cough! Dry throat makes you hoarse! Dry throat makes you have fever!

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I want a Free trial bottle of Pertussin—quick!
Name
Address

Sea Shroud

by Sinclair Gluck

(Continued from Page 20)

square, hard face with almost no brows, and hard little blue eyes.

At sight of them he lumbered to his feet.

"You Garrett?" he demanded, heavily.

"That's correct," said Garrett.

"Kin ya prove it?"

"I guess so," Garrett drawled. "Who the hell are you?" He had never seen the man before. Placer laughed gently. The detective stared.

"Bert Fallon—detective lieutenant—Santa Barbara," he announced in a hoarse growl.

"Oh," nodded Garrett. "Chief Ryan sent you, eh? How is the chief? These men will tell you I'm Garrett."

His pleasanter tone misled the detective.

"Yeah?" inquired Fallon, menacingly. "Then why wasn't you expecting me, huh? I gotta have some proof, see?"

With a patient air, Garrett turned his necktie inside out and displayed the symbol on the lining. "Recognize that?"

Fallon peered and then nodded heavily.

"Sure. Sure," he announced, mollified. "Can't take no chances, see? Ryan's okay. Here's a note he sent ya."

Garrett accepted the note and tapped his hand with it.

"What made you so late?" he inquired in a cool tone.

"The big cheese had to eat first," said Placer, mildly.

"That'll be all from you!" Fallon glared at him.

Disappointed and annoyed with Ryan, Garrett opened the note and ran his eye down the single page of handwriting.

"Dear Garrett:

"Your letter received. Where you been all these years? Welcome to the Coast.

"Your letter sounds bad. Will be out myself in the morning. No reporters. Fallon is the only man I can spare tonight. Big kidnaping case. He will get the facts and stand guard for you.

What Mallow Saw Made Him Leap Back With a Shuddering Cry, His Face Suddenly Livid.

"I remember you well. Don't kick Fallon in the pants. I would worry for fear it had put the idea in your mind.

"I sent off your telegram at once.

"Yours truly,

"JAMES RYAN."

Laughing in spite of himself, Garrett struck a match and set fire to the letter. He held it by one corner and finally dropped that into an ashtray, while Fallon stared.

"Been in there yet?" he asked, nodding toward the workshop. "By the way, you can rely on Brice and Placer."

"Okay," said Fallon, with a keen glance. "No, I ain't. I'll hear the story first an' look round after. Suppose you an' me go in there alone, huh? Where we c'n talk private."

"All right. Go on in. I'll join you in a minute."

Fallon hesitated. Then something in Garrett's inquiring eyes sent him lumbering into the workshop.

"Gentle as a lamb," observed Placer, audibly.

"Stow it!" Garrett smiled. "Where's the power-boat?"

"She's anchored off the boathouse. We can run her in at high tide. I plowed through the kelp up north and bugged the shore dead slow in this fog. That delayed us some more."

Garrett turned. "Giving Fallon the details will keep me busy for an hour or more, Brice. What are your plans?"

"Let's hear yours," said Dan, with his slow smile.

"Well, here's what I thought. Guess Huckle needs rest, and Buck as well. Suppose they guard the beaches until, say, eleven? Then let 'em turn in with their clothes on, and Placer guard the east beach until dawn. Nothing's likely to pop before eleven. Until then, why don't you and Placer take it easy?"

"Where in the hut?" Dan inquired.

"Yeah. Better stick around here a few minutes, in case Fallon wants you. I'll let you know right away."

"What about me — after eleven?" asked Dan, slowly.

"Well, it's a gamble," admitted Garrett. "I thought we'd let the west beach go. Suppose you stay in the hut, where you'll be in touch with Placer and me both? If you hear two revolver shots close together from either of us come on the jump. Have Hucks and Edwards trail you. How's that?"

"Sounds okay," Dan acknowledged. "What makes you think it's the east beach we gotta watch?"

"Call it a hunch. I'll—get four of the rifles."

Garrett entered the workshop to find Fallon prowling back and forth. He began collecting rifles.

"Hey, what's the big idea?" Fallon demanded.

Garrett finished and went to the door.

"Here you are, Brice," he called. "That leaves two, one of them unloaded. Mind getting a clip for it, from the storeroom? Fallon may need a rifle before he gets through."

As Dan took the weapons, the detective came up behind Garrett and thrust his oar in aggressively. "Sa-ay, you Federal dicks ain't wise to this game! Case o' murder, don't trust nobody! Where they goin' with them rifles?"

"Where I'm sending 'em—to guard the beach," said Garrett. "When you know more about this particular case, you may be wiser." He spoke with careful restraint.

"Yeah? Well—okay," grumbled Fallon, staring.

"I'll get them cartridges," said Dan. He moved into the court, with Placer grinning at his heels.

By the time he returned, some of the household were drifting in from the dining room. Fallon stood in the workshop doorway and looked them over with hard, suspicious eyes.

As Garrett took the cartridges and joined Fallon in the workshop, he heard Vane's young drawl from the living room.

"See those piercing gaze? Now we're all right!"

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A Stupid Line

GARRETT slapped the sides of the chair he bestrode.

"That's all," he concluded tersely.

Despite a barrage of slow-witted questions from the detective, he managed to plow through a detailed account of his forty-eight hours on the island.

Fallon grunted and went on with his laborious notes.

Every corner of the workshop was flooded with light. Sea-fog had condensed on the glass roof overhead and changed it from black to sparkling, mottled gray. Only the airship model was dark, hanging like a vast blot of frozen ink above desk and chair, its prophetic shadow on Osterhout's body.

Garrett rose and paced the room, bored by his long narrative, increasingly restless. No man enjoyed more than he did a battle of wits with a known opponent, spiced by the prospect of death for the loser. Here he was up against something quite as deadly, yet unknown and intangible as the mist from which it struck. Moreover, Ryan had sent him this dumb plainclothes man who promised to be more hindrance than help.

The couch-springs twanged as Fallon pocketed his note-book and leaned back, chewing on his mangled cigar.

"Ya had all these babies on the carpet—an' whad'ja get?" he commented. "Nothing! Wait'll I talk to 'em!"

"I'll do that," said Garrett dryly. "Anything else?"

Fallon rose and patted his stomach with satisfaction.

"Why, sure!" he retorted. "I thought you Federal guys knew better'n to change anything at the scene of a homicide."

He tramped heavily to the little window and grasped the board that Garrett had nailed there. A jerk pulled one end loose. The other tore free with a screak of nails and revealed Garrett's handkerchief in the broken pane.

"I wouldn't do that if I were you," said Garrett.

"Yeah? Maybe ya wouldn't." Fallon tossed the board aside, opened the window and tried to shake the bars. With a grunt of disgust he closed and relocked the window.

"Going to leave it like that?" Garrett persisted.

"Sure. It's got nothing to do with the case!"

"Mind slipping me the low down on that?"

"Listen here!" Fallon retorted heavily. "This bird was stabbed to death, see? Either with that paper cutter you was telling me about, or with the spear there. I'll find out which it was tonight. Well, the guy that stabbed him never got in through them bars. He was here all the time, maybe in the little washroom, or under the couch."

"That's fine," said Garrett with sarcasm. "How did he get out and leave both doors bolted on the inside?"

"He didn't," Fallon grinned tolerantly. "Them doors wasn't bolted—least that parlor door wasn't! When you bust in here, you jest thought it was. Maybe the latch stuck, see? These impossible murders is only in magazine yarns."

"I bent the bolt getting in. Both doors were bolted."

"Nuts," Fallon grunted. "You jest think they was."

Garrett studied him. "How did the killer get into the room? He wasn't here when I left. I marched the place. Osterhout gave me his word to let nobody in except me."

"Say, quit kiddin' us!" Fallon grinned. "This here Osterhout did let somebody in—and got his! Before I'm done questioning these ladies an' gents I'll know for sure who it was. By your account there's not a guy or a dame here has got an alibi for the time o' the murder—round eleven P. M."

Garrett looked at his watch. "It's almost ten now. Just supposing you can't find out who it was—do you figure on guarding this room tonight?" he asked curiously.

"You guessed it—if I don't make the guy talk."

"Then I'd leave that board up," said Garrett. "The spies are all out to get those plans. They're cold-blooded killers and you're in the way. Ryan'll be out here tomorrow with more cops. It's tonight or never for them. That glass was broken by a bullet."

"Yeah? Well jest let 'em make a pass at me! It's what I want. It'll be jest too bad fer 'em, if they do."

"Well, don't blame me if you get shot in the pants," said Garrett wearily. "I tell you, they're shrewd and quick."

"That's all right," said Fallon complacently. "I ain't worried. Ya see, I know who the killer is."

"Why, isn't that swell! Who is it?"

"Tell ya later," said Fallon condescendingly.

"Well, don't tell me Linklater," Garrett punned dryly. "I'll stand for a lot, but not that."

Fallon reddened and puffed out his chest.

"Why not?" he growled. "The doc tried to push ya off the cliff, didn't he? Who'd have that poison if it wasn't him? Pretty near got a police record, ain't he? Been as good as tried for murder once. What the hell! Why not him?"

"Because he hasn't got the wits to plan this murder, nor the guts to put it through. Osterhout was his best friend and gave him refuge here. Linklater's in it to some extent, but he's just a tool. That's my guess."

"Yeah? Well, I won't be guessing when I put the irons on him! Now we'll question them babies."

Garrett shrugged and winced a little. "As you like. You might question the women first, and let them get to bed. I kept them up a good part of last night."

"Sure. Sure," said Fallon soothingly. "Say, will ya collect 'em all in the parlor an' send 'em in one at a time? I'll let 'em out this other door, like you did."

"I'll bring them in," said Garrett with patience.

"Don't care which dame ya send first," the detective conceded largely. "But I'll take Linklater last of all."

Because it was up to him to cooperate with the police, Garrett stolidly collected the household in the living room, servants and all. He explained that Fallon wanted to question them, and suggested that Celia go in first and get to bed.

"Very well," she replied coldly.

When he had ushered her into the workshop, she paid him no further attention. Fallon bade her sit down. She gave the detective a wide-eyed, frightened glance. Whereupon he became soothing and fatherly in his questions.

Celia faltered that she had gone to bed at about nine-thirty, crossing the court with Mrs. Mallow. She had sat up to read and heard two different people prowling outside her window, she thought. Then came the shots. It all scared her.

Garrett listened grimly to this timid recital.

"Sure," agreed Fallon protectingly. "An' ya told Garrett here that ya was afraid of being alone with the doc?"

"Well, not exactly. He gives me the creeps, but—"

"Sure! Sure, he does! Did ya know he was tried fer poisoning a woman, and he tried twice to kill Garrett here?"

"Just one third of that statement is accurate," said Garrett dryly. "He wasn't tried for murder, and we don't know that he put the poison in my drinking water. He did try to—"

"Never mind. It's near enough. Did you Miss?"

Celia had paled. "No," she faltered, "I didn't."

But you're afraid of him? He gives ya the creeps?"

"He does. Yes, I am afraid of him now—"

"That's all," said Fallon in triumph. "You c'n go."

Garrett opened the court door for her.

"I didn't know he tried to kill you!" she whispered.

"Please stay in your room and lock your window," said Garrett dryly. "I'll have a word with you later."

Celia stiffened and marched out, head in air.

Mrs. Mallow was summoned next. She came in bristling.

"Where was you the time o' the murder?" asked Fallon.

"As I haven't the faintest idea what time the murder occurred, I can't tell you," she replied tartly. "I went to my room about half past nine and stayed there until the shots."

Yeah? Well, what d'ya think o' this Linklater?"

Mrs. Mallow stared. "I think he's a very queer man."

"Sure he is. Ya kinda suspect him o' this murder?"

"Well, he—I don't know who else—"

"Right! Got any definite reason to suspect him?"

"No! You might let me finish! I don't know who did it—he or

(Continued on Page 25)

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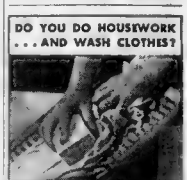

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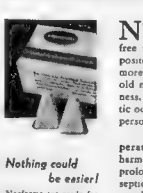

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Great California Bridge a Madman's Dream Come True

THE new bridge across San Francisco Bay connecting San Francisco and Oakland brings to mind that a crazy man ordered such a bridge to be built more than half a century ago. This harmless lunatic was Joshua A. Norton, who called himself Emperor Norton I and really believed that he was the Emperor of the United States and, as he put it, Protector of Mexico. For years he was a well-known and [illegible] character in California, where people gave the [illegible] pretended they were his loyal subjects and took a particular [illegible] in humoring him as far as they could.

To humor him to the extent of carrying out his order to build a bridge across the bay, however, was a burden the taxpayers did not feel equal to shouldering at that time. In fact, it seemed just a crazy idea, and there were some people who doubted that the day would ever come when the community would be large enough and rich enough to finance such an undertaking. But that day has come at last, and one of the most magnificent of all the [illegible] Emperor's grand schemes is finally being realized long after his death.

Emperor Norton was a great believer in progress and, even though he suffered from delusions of grandeur, he was constantly thinking of the welfare and happiness of his subjects. But his desire for a bridge across the bay was prompted in part by a selfish motive. [illegible] personal interest in the [illegible] be forgiven, however, when the [illegible] The Emperor [illegible] his palace in San Francisco, but his capital [illegible] Oakland [illegible] for a [illegible] things on his [illegible] and [illegible] this was naturally most [illegible]. If he only had some quick way of getting back and forth between the two cities he would be able to attend to pressing affairs of state with considerably more efficiency, and thus the whole nation, and the entire world for that matter, would be much better off.

So he issued a proclamation [illegible] as usual, this important decree was [illegible] with the [illegible] and [illegible] by the editors of newspapers in both cities and printed just as he had written it. This famous proclamation read as follows:

"We, Norton I, Emperor of the United States and Protector of Mexico, do order and direct that a suspension bridge be constructed from the improvements lately ordered by our Royal Decree at Oakland Point to Yerba Buena, from thence to the mountain range of Saucelito, whereof fail not under pain of death.

"Given under our hand this 18th day of August, A.D. 1869, in the 17th year of our reign, in our present capitol, the City of Oakland."

When Joshua Norton arrived in California in December, 1849, at the height of the gold rush, he was not crazy by any means. On the contrary, he was an alert and aggressive young business man. But he did have one fixed idea in his mind which was due to crop up later and become an obsession after an unfortunate financial venture had swept away the fortune he had built up, thereby unhinging his reason. This was his belief in the divine right of kings. Born in London February 4, 1819, he was raised in the English tradition and he was convinced that no nation can prosper unless it is ruled by a king appointed by Heaven and by Heaven protected. Even before he was overtaken by the disaster that made him a lunatic he used to hold forth on this philosophy, insisting that the United States would never become a great nation unless it had a king. As long as he was sane, however, he did not go so far as to intimate to anyone that he thought he was the man for the job. That idea came later.

When he was a young man his family had moved to Algoa Bay on the Cape of Good Hope in South Africa. His father ran a store that sold supplies to ships and Joshua was one of the clerks. A keen youth with a good head for business, he was given more and more responsibility until finally the father decided that he should branch out for himself.

He was given a ship, a two-masted square-rigged brigantine, loaded with a profitable cargo, and told that he could sail it anywhere he wanted to and make whatever he could out of it. So he drove his vessel across the South Atlantic and after rounding the Horn he traded at ports in Chile and Peru, making a good deal of money. Then he landed at San Francisco with $40,000 and a lot of ideas and went into the real estate business. By 1853, when he was 34 years old, he was worth a quarter of a million and one of the most prominent and successful business men in the community.

But in that year he made a fatal error. With visions of becoming a great financial power he attempted to corner the rice market. Forming a combination with several other firms, he got control of all of the rice in California and by holding on to it he forced the price up to 36 cents a pound. For a while it looked as if he and his associates were going to make a huge profit. But the unexpected happened. At the critical moment two large cargoes of rice arrived in San Francisco. Norton made a desperate effort to get control of these two cargoes, but when he failed, the price of rice crashed overnight far below the cost he had paid for his holdings.

His fortune gone and his mind seriously affected, he took a job as a clerk in a Chinese rice firm and for two years he worked there, all the while brooding over national problems — particularly the strife between the North and the South over the slavery question. He kept telling anyone who would listen to him that the only way to avoid armed conflict was through the great unifying and guiding power of a king.

Isolated from older and more stable communities, the San Francisco of those days was a boisterous and at times hilarious city — a fertile field, in fact, for any sort of eccentricity that provided amusement. So when poor addle-pated Joshua held forth on every occasion about the need of a king in this country, it was natural that the robust and jovial Californians of that era should cheer him, and presently they began to call him "Emperor." Far from being offended by this joking, Norton took it seriously.

As he saw it, America needed a royal leader and everywhere he went people hailed him as Emperor. Then he must indeed be a royal personage appointed to rule by divine right. So he left his job with the Chinese company, and announced that the Legislature of California had declared him Emperor of the State. But that did not satisfy him long. When he got to thinking it over he decided that one state was not enough territory for an Emperor. But as crazy as he was, he could see that it was not logical for the Legislature of California to declare him Emperor of the entire country. For that reason he let it be known that he had suppressed the legislative act by which he was made Emperor of California, and soon afterwards he issued the first of his "Royal Proclamations," proclaiming himself Emperor of the United States.

On September 17, 1859, the San Francisco Bulletin ran his proclamation with this introduction:

"This forenoon a well-dressed and serious-looking man entered our office and quietly left the following document, which he respectfully requested we would examine and insert in the paper:

"At the peremptory request and desire of a large majority of the citizens of these United States, I, Joshua Norton, declare and proclaim myself Emperor of these United States, and in virtue of the authority thereby in me vested, do hereby order and direct the representatives of the different States of the Union to assemble in Musical Hall of this city, on the first of February next, then and there to make such alterations in the existing laws of the Union as may ameliorate the evils under which the country is laboring, and thereby cause confidence to exist, both at home and abroad, in our stability and integrity."

No one doubted the Emperor's integrity, but his stability was another matter. In most other cities his fantastic proclamation would have been ignored, but not in youthful, booming San Francisco. Wherever he went he was joyously hailed as if he were a Caesar or Napoleon. He was praised by newspaper poets, and the city government presented him with a splendid uniform. For a crown someone gave him a beaver hat decorated with feathers. His sceptre, which he also used as a walking stick, was a knobby branch of polished grape wood from Oregon. It had an ivory handle and was engraved with his name and title. A picturesque figure, with a high forehead, curling hair and full moustache and beard, he always appeared in public in his court costume, which was resplendent with brass buttons, gold epaulettes and a flower in his buttonhole.

Naturally, he had to have a "palace," so after making him an honorary member, a fraternal lodge got him a room, six by ten feet, in a boarding house, paying the rent on it regularly for seventeen years. This royal residence was decorated with photographs of foreign rulers and the Emperor's collection of "crown heirlooms," which were his old hats. His Imperial Guard consisted of two stray dogs he picked up in the street, Lazarus and Bummer.

As with most monarchs, his most serious problem was raising money. With the good of his people always at heart, he frequently went to the office of some friend to ask for a huge loan with which to carry out some great public work, such as the bridge across the bay. He would be courteously received and the loan of several hundred million gravely discussed. Then it would be explained that a big loan had just been made to the Emperor of Brazil or the Queen of Sheba, but if the funds of the Empire were low a small contribution would be gladly given. Thus he would go away quite contented with twenty-five or fifty cents.

But the idea of living off of gifts to the royal treasury bothered him until he hit upon the plan of issuing [illegible] press money, an expedient that has often been resorted to by other sovereigns generally considered more or less sane. So he got a printer to run off a large supply of promissory notes, or "Bonds of the Empire." This paper money, decorated with a gold seal and signed by the Emperor, was [illegible] payment for [illegible] One of these [illegible] by Mr. Albert Dressler [illegible] Emperor Norton [illegible]

[illegible] Imperial Government of Norton I promises to pay the holder hereof the sum of Fifty Cents in the Year 1880 with [illegible] Given under our Royal Hand and Seal this 2[illegible] day of May, 18[illegible] Norton I, Emperor."

[illegible] between the States [illegible] the Emperor [illegible] to stop [illegible] Jefferson Davis [illegible] the Emperor of Brazil [illegible] Norton [illegible] his boarding house [illegible]

His title of "Protector of Mexico" he [illegible] dropped [illegible] was [illegible] Stock [illegible] ship which was [illegible] to take possession of the [illegible] 1880 [illegible]

[illegible] one of the most impressive San Francisco has ever seen, with [illegible] of his subjects attending.

Although all of this happened in the past century, the crazy man who first dreamed of a bridge across San Francisco Bay has not been forgotten. Not [illegible] he was reburied in an [illegible] cemetery and a fine monument [illegible] above his grave [illegible] speeches [illegible] American Legion [illegible]

When you buy a new bag, you usually buy initials, too—*something extra* for smartness.
[illegible] For this hand lotion is scented with a lovely bouquet perfume—much nicer than no odor, [illegible] Frostilla makes your hands [illegible] handsome, and has everyquality [illegible] in a lotion—speed, economy, no [illegible]
35¢, 50¢ and $1.00 sizes everywhere. Travel size at better ten-cent stores.
FROSTILLA *Lotion*

Try and see yourself *as your husband sees you*
(A SUGGESTION TO WORRIED WIVES)

IS happiness slipping through your fingers? [illegible] your husband?

[illegible] Frances Ingram, noted beauty expert [illegible]

"If you've come to the [illegible] stage [illegible] to take stock of yourself.

"[illegible] to look at [illegible] Be honest!

"What [illegible] your [illegible] your figure, your clothes? And [illegible] fresh and young looking? It ought to [illegible] it can be."

The trouble with [illegible] grow [illegible] Nature reduces her supply of the natural protecting oils with which she keeps skin fine and supple when we are young.

Then trouble starts. Hard lines; loose folds, drawn, dry skin; crepey texture; large coarse pores. No tone, no firmness.

These "youth" oils must be restored.

It isn't hard; it requires no expensive beauty treatments [illegible] All you need is one [illegible] Milkweed Cream.

In this one complete cream [illegible] the precious oils which [illegible] own oils, help your skin [illegible]

[illegible] that this [illegible] it has [illegible]

[illegible] for other [illegible] Frances Ingram, 636 Fifth Ave., New York.

A COMPLETE CREAM
Everything your skin needs is in this ONE JAR

INGRAM'S Milkweed Cream

Sea S[illegible] by *Sinclair Gluck*

(Continued from Page 24)

somebody else. Don't jump to conclusions!"

"Shielding him, huh? Now what d'ya know?"

"That you're a very stupid man," said Mrs. Mallow.

Fallon bristled. "Oh yeah? Say, you gonna talk?"

"Not another word. You're tiresome!"

"Right," said Fallon in ominous tones. "We'll see, lady! You c'n go fer now. An' stay in yer room, see?"

"Am I under arrest?"

"Not yet, you ain't!"

"Then I'll do exactly as I please, Mr. Detective!"

Garrett let her out, locked the door and turned.

"You're piling up the clues," he said admiringly.

"Wait," Fallon growled. "Bring in that maid, huh?"

Susan's frightened-fawn pose soothed the detective's ruffled feelings. It was obvious that he took to her at once.

"Take a chair, Miss," he invited. "I don't bite."

Susan gave him a look at her eyes and obeyed.

"Na-a-ah," then [illegible] Fallon, smiling. "When you heard about this murder, little girl, who was the first guy that popped inta yer pretty head?"

"Oh, sir!" gasped Susan. "It was that doctor."

"Hah! An' what [illegible] think of him, eh?"

"I d-don't know. He just makes me all creepy."

"But ya musta had some reason, huh? Think [illegible]"

"Well, he he always makes me shiver! He k-kissed me one night, when I was setting the table! And he p-pointed to the carving knife! 'If I [illegible]'"

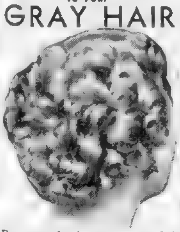
"Hah!" repeated Fallon. "The carving knife, eh?"

"You're sure it wasn't your fault he kissed you?" demanded Garrett sternly. "You weren't making eyes at him?"

"Well, I was j-just polite to him, sir."

"Do you realize this is a case of murder? Are you sure he

(Continued on Page 27)

Young People Give Up Their Seat to You in Deference to Your GRAY HAIR

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New Secrets of the Surete, the French Detective Police

(Continued from Double Page)

she sent the calboy with 'em to a nearby cobbler on Saturday because a heel was loose. They're certainly the shoes she came in, and that strikes me as queer. The cobbler was to have sent them round before closing on Saturday evening. But he forgot and only sent them today. I have made inquiries—it seems she wore some kind of metal sandal on the stage. Hardly the kind o' thing to go out in, eh?"

She may have had a pair of shoes in reserve," I hazarded.

"Of course that's always possible. It has a nasty look, however, when coupled with the missing dress. Besides, her brooch and rings are still in a little box in her dressing room, and most important of all—the towels in her locker, which are changed every Saturday—are perfectly clean—"

I had not quite seen. I began, "You have been interrupted so curiously with 'Don't you? Well so. I've enough about the stage to feel sure that if she'd got rid of her make-up before leaving, the towel she was using that night would have been stained with grease-paint like those in the other lockers."

"Actors remove their make-up by smearing their face thickly with cold cream, afterwards wiping off the hideous mess with a towel. You'll say I'm needlessly suspicious, but as chance would have it, the missing girl had also bought a fresh pot of cold cream on her way here Saturday, and it's not been opened. I'm beginning to think we've left this place or else she was fetched away still wearing her stage dress and make-up."

"There's a telephone in the porter's lodge. Let me call up A. Harding, the famous costumier, and ask him to send someone to his office in an hour's time with some towels—this put I dare-say you can wrestle it pretty well—eh?" And he pointed to the fragment of silk and silver. "Have you examined the mechanism of that revolving platform yet by the way?"

I shook my head.

"No? Well, come and have a look at it then. As I had foreseen, since the magician stands at the front of the stage during the entire act, it works automatically. He sets the contacts to certain letters and as the disc revolves it causes the various set scenes on the platform to swing round facing the public."

"Hullos—there's one of the scene-shifters I fancy. Ah, mon brave—une minute!"

And when the fellow had approached cap in hand: "Are you by any chance the man who keeps all the metal work of these mechanisms nice and bright?"

"Yes, indeed, Monsieur. An' the boss ain't easy to please neither—he won't allow nobody to be forgotten—case it might mean a break-down during one of his magic tricks, he says."

Bertillon nodded. "Naturally—tell me then—when did you last polish the automatic disc that works the platform?"

"I clean it every Saturday morning, Sir."

"And you evidently use oil after your Lucido paste because it's somewhat acid?"

The man stared at my chief with amazement: "Now—how on earth did you guess that, Sir? Are you a magician, too? Well —you're right anyway."

My chief smiled and dismissed him with a jest and a tip. Then pulling out by the sleeve towards the switchboard.

"You may wonder what made me ask him that. He who replied. If you know you'll see I'm right was pretty greasy and it left little streaks on the enamel. I noted this where he rubbed along the contact pieces [illegible] again that are in line with the dirty marks, as they obviously were on Saturday when he cleaned them—let's see what we get.

"H-m-m- SYZYGY—confound it, that means nothing."

I stared at the unusual arrangement of letters a moment then struck by a sudden thought.

"Sorry to contradict you, Monsieur, but Syzygy means that several things are in line with each other, usually when the moon, earth and sun are in one straight line. It's an astronomical term."

"Eh—what? Good God—are you sure?" There was a queer excited sparkle in Bertillon's eyes.

"H-m-m—! All right—I'm getting worked up over nothing I expect," and he gave me a sly sidelong glance. "It's a confoundedly uncanny, complex business. I must have time to think it over. Ah—wait a minute though—there's just a chance—"

And leaving me unceremoniously he ran up the stairs leading from the back of the stage to the workrooms. When he returned a quarter of a hour later, whilst I was yet busy with the telephone, his flushed face told me at once that something had quite definitely "worked him up" as he phrased it.

"As I expected, there's a model of this act upstairs, and its miniature disc has been set to word 'Suitee,' same as this—but the outer rim is faintly notched opposite the letters SYZYGY also, you need the lens to see the marks. We're getting warm—but there's something still eludes me—I've just the faintest glimmerings of a theory, however—I [illegible] go along, well get back to headquarters."

I saw nothing further of my chief that afternoon, but the next morning it came burst into the laboratory with an owlish, mysterious expression on his face.

"Name of a little bonhomme it's dreadful, dreadful." That such a thing should happen to the chief!" he wailed. "I always feared the strain of his work would sooner or later be too much for him. And, bon sang, it's come at last!"

"What's come, you silly loon?" I asked anxiously.

"Oh—he's mad—quite mad! Listen: I opened the door just now—never dreaming of such a thing—and what do you think? Bertillon was standing on top of his desk, wrapped in a woman's silver and white veil—and all—and before I could say anything he jumped up into the air as though trying to fly—and of course he came down with a flop. Poor, poor chief—"

"Jumping into the air in a veil was he?" I cried—dimly sensing what it meant. "Don't worry—there's method yet in his madness. By Jove—yes—I see his idea!"

"What's his idea?" Rousseau yelled shaking me. "For the love of heaven! Are you both crazy?"

Instead of answering I picked up the first dossier that came to hand and hurried down to Bertillon's office. I found him closely examining a piece of stuff similar to the fragment he'd brought back from the theatre. He looked up with a boyish grin at my entrance.

"Poor Rousseau! I suppose he told you I'm loony eh? Just look at this. I jumped down from my table after I'd hooked the edge of the veil on to that big nail three or four times without being able to tear a piece right off—and I'm no lightweight. That gives you some idea of the violence required to rip away a shred like this where it's hemmed."

"I thought that's what you were after, Sir," I replied admiringly. "But even now I can't see how it'll help you solve the mystery of the vanished girl. She fought for her life—that's clear of course."

Bertillon wagged his head thoughtfully. "I'm not so sure—it's just an isolated link in the chain anyway. This bit of stuff was undoubtedly ripped from the dress the girl was wearing and it required a tremendous jerk to do it—but it needn't absolutely mean she was fighting for her life—maybe—something else happened—something that flung her headlong against the tree—tore the nail was at the back of the stage.

"My first theory was wrong though—I've had Colbert examining the walls and floor. Not even a bloodstain. Ah—when a man of genius goes in for crime it may well take all our time to prove it. I'm quite convinced though there's been foul play. I'm going to the theatre again, so get ready to come along. I've given orders for Quito to be brought also."

"Brought?" I exclaimed in surprise. "Why—is he—?"

"Of course. I had him arrested last night! I've searched his rooms since—with no particular result except that I found the combination of his private safe set to the mystery word SYZYGY. D'you know I've a queer presentiment that this word will turn out to be the key to the whole puzzle.

Did I tell you we've found the girl's hat kicked into a corner under some old rags behind the dressing table? Only one explanation seems to fit the facts so far—under cover of the performance the poor girl was overpowered and dragged to a waiting car still dressed in her Eastern robes and wearing sandals. Her ordinary clothes were then probably taken away by the scoundrel who arranged it all but he overlooked the hat."

"Only, I feel sure somehow that my deduction is all wrong. Quito is never the man to put himself in the power of an accomplice. So I've evolved another theory which Colbert has unexpectedly strengthened by telephoning to say that when he examined the revolving platform again he got the impression that something was missing from the other. I've been [illegible] around and finally discovered a polish [illegible] about two yards in length and hollowed out most curiously, that just fitted into the empty clamps he'd [illegible] to see what I think about it Levallois is on his way also. So come on."

"I'm hanged if I can make out what you're driving at." I grumbled [illegible] into the car after my chief. "Unless you're thinking she's still hidden somewhere in the theatre. But that's quite impossible surely: Colbert said he's examined all the walls thoroughly and a hundred men is out of the question. He's definitely [illegible] this fact that Quito was on the stage until long after the Indian act. Besides, what would be the reason [illegible] necessary? He simply wanted the girl and that she accepted him."

I know, but we've only his word for her disappearance. Call [illegible] I decided to leave."

She may even have had some hold over him and threatened to go to the police. How do we know? I don't like that much-too-perfect alibi at all. He stayed on the stage until long after the girl was supposed to have gone to her dressing room, and he saw to it that he was never alone afterwards. That's clearly a manufactured alibi and as such it naturally makes you ask—why an alibi?

"He told the fuze d'instruction that he had not gone near the theatre again till Monday—which appears to be true also—at least no one saw him there; and maybe that's where he made a slip, trying to prove too much. If instead he'd had a look around he might have seen that bit of stuff before I did, as also other trifles; without 'em there'd be absolutely no case. For instance, look what Colbert found on the edge of that teak board he mentions, just where it touches the floor. He sent a messenger with it at once."

Bertillon unfolded a piece of black paper containing a tiny heap of gray powder.

"Plaster, cement and dust" he said cryptically—such as would fall if a secret door in the wall had been opened and shut violently. Well, well, we'll soon know the truth now."

Levallois was impatiently awaiting us at the stage entrance; jerking his thumb at the door-keeper's lodge he said, "He's in there, guarded by Colbert. Do you want him now?"

Bertillon shook his head and signed to us to follow him.

The theatre looked a fantastic place seen in the dim half-light filtering through the grimy sky light. Cutting across the stage at an angle of 45 degrees was the sheet of polished plate glass by means of which most of the illusions were produced.

Behind it, in the center, was the funeral pyre with its waxen effigy of an Indian Rajah for the Suttee illusion, the base surrounded by a crumpled heap of vermilion and orange silk strips which under the lift of an air current danced and writhed like actual flames, rising gradually until the figure on the pyre was quite hidden.

To the right, in the wings, was an exact duplicate of the pile of logs but fire-blackened and crumbling artistically; countless tiny lamps, red glass and tinfoil giving it the appearance of still glowing embers when its reflection in the plate glass was superimposed on the other set by the clever play of hidden lights whirling wreaths of smoke completing the ingenious illusion.

Under cover of this mirage the revolving platform then brought a series of other scenes to the front one by one. The permanent scenery was made of tropical plants and trailing vines and in the background the white cupola of a temple showed half-hidden amidst palms.

Wasting no time on these details Bertillon set to work immediately with an insulated screwdriver, moving the contacts of the automatic device until the segments forming the mystery word "Syzygy" were in circuit once more. Then having set the time switch, he swung round the copper-faced starting lever with a sudden jerk.

Instantly countless lights blazed up and the drab, dusty stage-setting was transformed into an enchanted scene out of Fairyland.

Hurry up, Francois" got on that piece of legs" Bertillon cried turning to Levallois and indicating the platform with its funeral pyre.

Looking extremely foolish the little detective obeyed, to Rousseau's delight. It was impossible to imagine anything more incongruous than Francois Levallois with his domed cap and carpet coat, in which—so Rousseau averred—he even slept, and his huge clumsy shoes. Hardly had he climbed up on the logs and stretched himself beside the waxen rajah, when the artificial flames began to leap and dance and a soft murmurous chant in a minor key rose from the electric soundbox.

The absurd scene was too much for my gravity. I lay back and howled with laughter, and even my chief—intent though he was on this phase of his experiment—could not restrain a grim smile.

Then—suddenly—the footlights dimmed, the lamps in the wings began to glow brighter and brighter, until, the funeral pyre with Levallois being engulfed in profound darkness the reflection in the glass showed clearly in its stead. Presently, too, the pantomime began to reveal.

I saw Bertillon's expression change gradually to bitter disappointment as he [illegible] his watch [illegible] the [illegible] ing girl's whereabouts by this

(Continued on Page 27)

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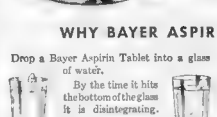

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New Secrets of the Surete, the French Detective Police

(Continued from Page 26)

that instant he vanished utterly.

"You see—he the girl—he's melted into the air leaving no trace!" and Bertillon laughed harshly. "Fools—fools that we were—it's so obvious now—stand clear there!" and he slammed in the switch once more.

As before, the scene on the platform was engulfed in darkness, the silken flags sank and the lights dimmed, si presently there arose that samsleep drone—but now we all saw the slow-moving platform jerk suddenly into frenzied life, spinning with terrific velocity to half circle.

We all heard the strag sucking noise too—from the temple we had taken to be permanent scenery, and suddenly around block in the white facade iped back disclosing a gaping s—and then—my hair rose at th of that which crawled out A horrible drab creature, covd with dust, with torn clothes a blood dripping from hands a face, it clutched a big white bo die, dragging it slowly and pah fully over the ground.

It was Levallois—ghastly dazed and gibbering incoherently as he pointed to the thing in his arms—wrapped in silk and silver-gauze—it was the missing girl!

Bertillon had been the first to recover his wits; the instant that figure had appeared in the opening, he sprang to shut off the power. Not any too soon either, for already the massive block was sliding back. By this time I had grasped what it meant and ran to help my wounded friend, reaching him just as he slipped forward in a swoon.

The next ten minutes were chaos; while I rushed to the telephone and summoned an ambulance, Rousseau poured brandy down Francois's throat. Bertillon had lifted and carried the girl to a couch and hurriedly taking a mirror from his pocket he held it to the cold lips. But our help had come too late, for with a furious curse he flung it on the ground and running to the opening in the temple dropped on hands and knees and disappeared inside.

Drawn by an irresistible curiosity I stooped to examine the white frontage; for the life of me I could not conceive how a secret chamber could have been built behind a mere painted scene to escape detection. The whole thing was just another subtle mirage. By means of reflecting glass, mirrors and artificial flowers and palms, the ingenious devil had cleverly concealed the fact that the base of the temple was built of stone. The wedge-shaped vault slanted below the floor!

From the opening in the temple base a low slipway led into an air-tight stone chamber, cunningly built twixt floor and ceiling, at just such an angle that when the spinning platform stopped with a jerk, a loose body would slide irresistibly along the polished board Colbert had clamped into place again and straight through the opening into that secret vault.

To our horror we found it contained the mummified body of another girl, later identified as the unfortunate Conchita whose story Levallois had related on the day poor Castaing called on us for help.

She had followed her lover to Paris—only to die a most dreadful death.

"What could have been the fellow's motive in constructing that chamber of horrors?" was the question we had all asked when we gathered in Bertillon's office the following day.

"It seems the maddest of mad freaks," I added voicing the general opinion.

"I don't know," Bertillon replied thoughtfully. "The problem that always faces murderers is what to do with the body. Quite obviously this man Quito built that cemented chamber under the floor originally to hide poor Conchita. Then came his mad infatuation for Adele Vanleur.

"I'm inclined to believe she reciprocated his passion—but he quickly tired of her and when she realized he wished to be rid of her, she became dangerous. She may have known too much—anyway she threatened him.

"I've discovered that he has had another intrigue already with the girl who replaced Adele. Maybe she had found that out. Such a man has many evil pages in his past, and a scandal would have ruined him. I found a note in Adele's hand among his papers, written not so long ago—a jealous angry note—which supplies the motive for the crime. Thus no doubt he'd begun seriously to think out a method whereby he might kill her without risk.

"That complex automatic switch with the mystic word 'Syzygy' was made quite recently I fancy. To such a master of modern mechanical magic the idea of using centrifugal force to send that poor girl slithering from the funeral pyre over the polished board to rejoin his other victim would come naturally.

"It needed only a swift acceleration of the platform's rotation—the big motor we heard did that—the sudden jerk as the platform stopped synchronizing with the opening of the door—syzygy in fact.

"Either the scheme suggested that mystic word—a flash of sardonic humor—or the word, familiar to him no doubt, suggested the mechanism. On the instant the platform jerked to a stop the door opened and shut like a trap, whereupon the platform swung swiftly back to the next scene.

"The whole thing was over in a split second and none among the spectators of the Suttee act suspected that between the merging of one illusion into another, a hideous murder had been committed—right there on the stage before them.

"The beauty of the scheme" Bertillon continued—"if I may use such a term—was that Quito could stand unconcernedly in the blaze of the footlights while his fiendish trap was sprung. I imagine Adele already doubted her lover and would not have remained alone with him except on the stage in full view of hundreds of people. Even her last despairing cry as she was swept into eternity, seemed part of the performance and aroused no suspicion. And since it was Saturday night, her absence would cause no remark until Monday.

"Thank Heaven—she died swiftly, poor little girl. Stunned by the shock she would not regain consciousness, for the tiny vault is absolutely airtight. But see how always some unforeseen trifle leads to the criminal's undoing.

"If that nail had not ripped a shred from her draperies in passing—proving the understudy's dress to be new, and made in advance—suggestive eh?—I might never have suspected a crime.

"When on top of that I saw the shoes the cobbler forgot to send back, the pot of cold cream, and the clean towel; and finally the broken wires—the fool should have made a dummy connection—I began definitely to sense foul play. My suspicions became almost a certainty when I saw by the greasy marks on the switch that it had been altered since the Saturday.

"One wonders why Quito didn't wipe it clean afterwards? I wonder too what made him choose such a queer word—and one that means synchronization; risky that, eh? Yet when all's said and done they are only trifles—like that pinch of dust and cement . . ."

"That's your view," I retorted with a smile. "But only you would have tested that strip of silk to see what force was needed to rip it off. No one but you would have grasped the meaning of the clean towels—and who except you would have spotted those greasy marks and unerringly deducted the truth from such trifles?"

"Stop, stop! You'll make me blush. All these things were obvious. Besides, if Levallois had not come in just then and recognized the fellow as Senor Cortez I doubt if I'd have taken up the case.

"But when, in answer to my cable, the Rio police informed me that Conchita vanished a year ago I took the risk and had him arrested at once.

"Interesting case—as showing how a specialized brain works. This fellow had a twist that naturally caused him to commit his crime by a mechanical device. Ah—there's a Nemesis dogs every murderer's footsteps. Else why did he choose that unusual word Syzygy to indicate that the platform, the plank and the hole had to be in line? Well, our magician may be a genius, but he'll not escape the guillotine."

Bertillon was right. When the story was told it aroused such anger that the death sentence was inevitable—and Jean Quito was executed within that very year.

Soon afterwards Castaing bought the magician's theatre but it was an unlucky deal and the place finally became the Cafe Tourtel and still flourishes under that name.

To Be Continued Next Sunday

Sea Shroud by Sinclair Gluck

(Continued from Page 25)

sn't joking, when he pointed to b carving knife?"

The maid bridled.

'Oh, Mr. Garrett, sir! He—t might have been!"

'You ought to be spanked," id Garrett in disgust.

'Oh, Mr. Garrett!" Susan lashed.

"Well," said Fallon hastily, hen you was out with Brisson st night, Miss, did ja notice e doc's light?"

Susan looked coy.

"Oh, yes. It was on about ne-thirty. Then it went off el then it went on again—and ayed on for a while."

"Good girl! That's the stuff! h didn't see him climb outa his ndow or nothin' like that?"

The girl hesitated.

"N-no. We—I didn't. Finally e light went off and he opened s window, but—I didn't see him."

"Got anything else to tell me about the doc?" the big detective asked.

"No." Susan looked at Garrett. "That's all."

"Well, ya wanna watch out fer these Frenchies, too, see?" chuckled Fallon. "All right, Miss. Thanks. Ya c'n go to bed."

Garrett let her out, refusing to look at her.

"What about that carving knife!" said Fallon, when the door was locked. "Lights off and on, too! Now we'll have this Frenchie, eh?"

Garrett summoned him from the living room.

Brisson looked ready for trouble when he entered, his dark eyes cold and his manner obdurate. Fallon, however, was intent on the doctor like a puppy with a bone.

Relaxing, Brisson confirmed Susan's statement about Linklater's bedroom light. Personally, he had nothing against the doctor and no reason to suspect him.

"In fact, Monsieur," he ended calmly, "I would think him perdu—lost—without his so good friend, my master."

Fallon let the Frenchman go, in disgust.

"They ain't trained to observe," he pointed out to Garrett. "But them women know! They got the instink!"

"Who next—for more clues?" asked Garrett dryly.

Fallon shuddered.

"I don't care much. That young Vane I guess."

Garrett shrugged and rose to comply. This should be interesting, he figured, if Vane ran true to form. The young man, in spite of his youth, was no fool.

About the detective Garrett was not so sure.

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

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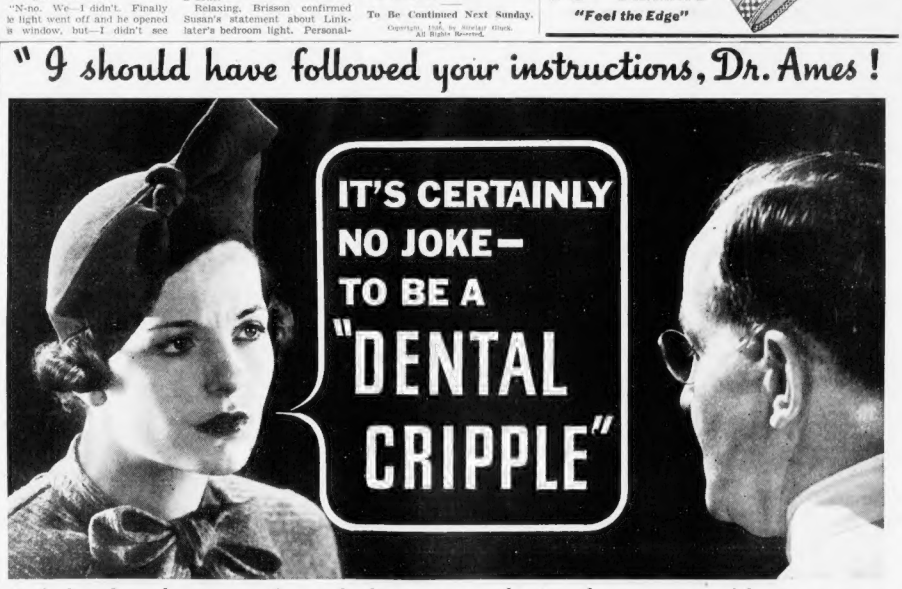
" I should have followed your instructions, Dr. Ames !



Soft foods rob gums of needed exercise—that's why gum troubles start—so

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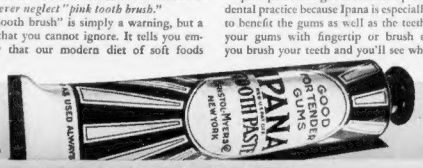

Remember— **A good Tooth Paste, like a good Dentist, is never a Luxury**

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Happy Endings to March Menus

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

MARCH, assert many homemakers, is of all the months in the year the most tedious and difficult in which to carry on either the usual daily meal planning or household routine. Why? Because March is a twixt and between month when Winter has not yet gone nor Spring arrived. The long season seems to have forced the same dishes and foods to be served over and over again, to the end that the daily menu has fallen into a dull monotony.

But this situation should only serve as a challenge to the one having the family menus in her care—a challenge which must find several good solutions! If the usual meats and other foods must still be counted on as the standby of the menu, why not rout monotony with a dessert of happy ending? It has often been said that, at a speech, the listener remembers but two things—the first paragraph or opening remarks—and the finale. So, too, perhaps with a menu—we remember best the appetizer and the dessert.

Happy endings, then, is one solution of the down-at-the-heels March menu. And these happy endings need not be expensive, nor elaborate to prepare—their one essential must be interest and novelty.

Here again it is worth reminding that too many families get into unnecessary food ruts. If father likes pie—then that family may have pie five days a week. If a baked pudding is a favorite, then baked puddings seem to be on hand too many times; or other families prefer fruit or gelatin or a frozen dish—and almost never have the opportunity to sample the crisp lecture of pastry or some other baked or oven dessert.

Again, it is amazing how repetitive is the kind of sauce, or the flavor used in a dessert. Some are all for chocolate—so that chocolate becomes almost the only flavor used for cake, for sauce or for frosting. Others are so vanilla-minded, that to use ginger or lemon, almond, or cinnamon would seem like a sacrilege!

But with a whole world of flavors from which to choose, why limit the palate to one or two food tastes only? The hard sauce, for example, which is usually flavored with vanilla, becomes an entirely different sauce if ginger is used to give it interest. Or the cake which is made with vanilla may turn into another dessert if its frosting is toned up with anise.

Still again, many of the best homemakers stay traditional as to the canned fruits they use. Over and over they will buy peaches, let us say, and white canned cherries, but fail to investigate the merits of green gage plums, pineapple spears, or the delicious tartness of the loganberry.

Not only are there peaches, but peaches packed in different ways, in varying syrups, and even of entirely different cuts and appearance. Not only cherries but white, black, red, pitted red, and other cherries may grace the shelves. Whole prunes in syrup, whole apricots (with their pits), gooseberries, huckleberries, a whole host of less used canned fruits will make even the same recipe into a different dish.

Or let us take the point of changing the kind of dessert merely by altering the form in which it is served: take pastry, surely a most toothsome crunchy type of dessert. But why always pastry as pie? Why not pastry as an open tart, or a filled fruit tart, a cheese cake pastry, or other equally zestful shape and flavor?

Many easily made desserts are combinations of a whole canned fruit or a spoon of canned berries laid on a finger of pastry.

Cake, too, may seem more like pudding and less like cake if baked in a shallow pan, cut into squares or oblongs, and eaten hot rather than cold. The use of canned fruits with cake, when served as a hot dessert opens up a whole vista of fascinating desserts. Gingerbread and spice cake, in particular, may be baked in shallow pans, cut into squares, and served hot with a garnish of melted marshmallow or candied fruit.

Any recipe for a baked pudding usually baked in one dish, will gain in novelty if baked instead in individual ramekins or small clay or glass baking dishes. Even the common bread pudding, fruit betty, or custard, will become a company dessert if made individually and treated with an individual touch of garnish.

Last, many families seldom if ever have a cold or frozen dessert in any other season but the good old Summer time. Yet many a chill dessert is the best kind of top-off to a heavy meat or fish dinner suitable to cold weather needs.

Indeed, it is difficult to see how a family pot-roast meal, or roast fowl or a baked fish menu could be improved by any dessert other than a delicious cooling and refreshing fruit sherbet, a cranberry ice, a lemon cream sherbet or a grapefruit mint ice.

If short—it's all a matter of giving the same monotonous March menu a new, novel, and totally delicious happy ending.

Grapejuice Ice Cream: Two-thirds cup sweetened condensed milk, ⅓ cup grapejuice, ½ teaspoon lemon extract, 1 cup whipping cream. Blend thoroughly grapejuice, milk and lemon extract. Chill. Whip cream to custard consistency and fold into chilled mixture. Pour into freezing tray of refrigerator and freeze to a mush. Scrape mixture from sides and bottom and beat smooth for two minutes. Replace in tray and finish freezing. (Serves 6.)

Orange Cream Pie: 1½ cups (1 tall can) of condensed milk, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, ½ cup orange juice, 1 cup sliced orange sections, 2 egg whites, 2 tablespoons granulated sugar. Rich thin pastry shell. Have the pastry shell prebaked in an 8-inch pie tin. Prepare orange pulp by first paring whole fruit, cutting sections entirely free from center membrane, then cutting each section again in half. Blend condensed milk with lemon and orange juices and orange pulp. Chill well. Pour into pre-baked shell. Cover with meringue made by beating egg whites with sugar (and brown lightly in oven) or cover with sweetened whipped cream. (Serves 6.)

Fresh Fruit Refrigerator Cake: One and one-third cups (1 tall can) condensed milk, ¼ cup lemon juice, 1 cup whole canned raspberries or strawberries, grains salt, 24 fresh rich vanilla wafers. Combine condensed milk with salt and lemon juice. Add fruits and blend. Line refrigerator tray or mold with waxed paper. Pour in layer of mixture. Cover with layer of wafers. Repeat, finishing with wafers on top. Chill 8 hours in refrigerator. Unmold, slice into square portions and garnish with star of cream and candied cherry or other whole fruit. (Serves 8.)

Peach Batter Cake: One tablespoon butter, ⅔ cup granulated sugar, grains salt, 2 eggs, 2 cups cake flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, ¾ cup milk, 6 large halves canned peaches, ½ cup brown sugar, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 tablespoon butter, ½ teaspoon almond extract, 6 marshmallows. Cream butter, add sugar and salt. Add beaten eggs, beating mixture until light. Sift dry ingredients and add 1 first mixture alternately with milk. Add flavoring. Pour into well-greased oblong pan about 10x8 inches. Arrange peach over batter, cut side up, and sprinkle with the brown sugar smbined with cinnamon. Dot wi butter. Bake in moderate ove for 30 minutes. Place a marmallow in center of each peachalf and return cake to oven b brown and melt marshmallos. Serve warm. (Makes 6 persns.) Old and young find this favorite dessert.

Appetizing Menus for the Week

By Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*
Orange Juice, Whole Grain Cereal, French Toast, Marmalade, Coffee.	Prunes, Cereal, Soft Cooked Eggs, Melba Toast, Marmalade, Coffee.	Apricots, Hot Cereal, Scrambled Eggs, Toasted Muffins, Coffee.	Sliced Bananas, Cereal, Sausage Balls, Buckwheat Cakes, Apple Sauce, Coffee.	Grapefruit, Hot Cereal, Rolled Omelet, Buttered Toast, Coffee.	Grapes, Cereal, Philadelphia Scrapple, Delicate Muffins, Coffee.	Orange Juice, Plain Omelet, Hashed Potatoes, Melba Toast, Coffee.
Luncheon	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Dinner (Company)*
Kidney Bean Casserole, Raisin Brown Bread, Chicory or Lettuce with Tomato French Dressing, Crackers, Cheese, Tea.	Cream of Spinach Soup, Fried Smelts, Tartare Sauce, Rolls, Fruit Gelatin with Cream	Spaghetti Casserole, Buttered Beet Tops or Mustard Greens, Potato Biscuits, Pineapple Salad, Molasses Cookies, Tea.	Curried Eggs, Tomato Fritters, Heart Lettuce with Chives, Dressing, Date Custard, Tea.	Cream of Oyster Soup, Scalloped Lima Beans and Tomatoes or Baked Macaroni, Corn Sticks, Celery, Raspberry Gelatin with Custard Sauce.	Old-Fashioned Pepperpot, Rolls, Butterscotch Pie or Prunes, Tea.	Emergency Consomme (Left-Overs), Planked Fish, Egg or Shad Roe Sauce, Duchess Potatoes, Green Peas and Radishes, Lettuce Salad, Cucumber-Chives French Dressing, Fruit Compote, Lace Cookies.
Dinner	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Supper*
Grapefruit Cup, Barbecued Lamb, Baked Potatoes, String Beans, Green Salad, French Dressing, Rhubarb Betty, Banana Sauce.	Beef Tripe or Greens, Potato Biscuits, Pineapple Salad, Molasses Cookies, Tea.	Brazed Beef Heart, Vegetable Bouquet, Julienne Potatoes, Bread Pudding with Cream Chocolate Sauce.	Cocktail, Tripe in Batter or Liver Croquettes, Julienne Carrots, Green Peas, Creamed Potatoes or Noodles, Lemon Pie.	Fried Spanish Mackerel, Lemon Cups, Potatoes, Green Peas, Lettuce and Radish Salad, French Dressing, Apricot Tapioca.	Fried Young Chicken, Fresh Strawberry or Canned Berry Shortcake.	Tuna Fish Salad, Scones, Pineapple Trifle.

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Kitchen Bouquet

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HARRIET'S HORROR

OH, I'M TIRED TO DEATH! AND THIS OLD BASEMENT JUST GIVES ME THE HORRORS.
SCRUB, SCRUB! BOY, I'LL BET SHE'S SO TIRED, SHE'LL BE A SIGHT WHEN FRED GETS HOME THIS EVENING.
SHE'LL BE A REGULAR SCRUBWOMAN BEFORE WE GET THROUGH WITH HER, HEH?
SCRUB! SCRUB!
NEXT DAY AT THE FORTUNE TELLER'S
A LUCKY ACCIDENT IS GOING TO HAPPEN SOON --AND YOUR LIFE WILL BE MUCH EASIER AND MORE PLEASANT FROM THEN ON.
ACCIDENT? I WONDER WHAT IT COULD BE!
HARRIET
AT HARRIET'S HOME — NEXT WASHDAY
OH DEAR, THE GROCER SENT THE WRONG KIND OF SOAP. EVERYTHING GOES WRONG ON WASHDAY!
WAIT! THAT'S THE LATEST KIND OF "NO-SCRUB" GRANULATED SOAP. IT'S ALMOST A MIRACLE THE WAY IT WORKS.
I THOUGHT THOSE "NO-SCRUB" SOAPS WERE HARSH AND HARD ON HANDS. I TRIED ONE ONCE AND IT MADE MY HANDS STING TERRIBLY.
BUT OXYDOL'S A NEW KIND—MADE BY THE IVORY SOAP PEOPLE. IT'S SO SAFE AND MILD—YET IT SOAKS OUT DIRT IN 15 MINUTES WITHOUT A BIT OF HARD SCRUBBING OR BOILING.
WHAT? 15 MINUTES' SOAKING? AND YOU SAY IT GETS CLOTHES 4 TO 5 SHADES WHITER, TOO?
ABSOLUTELY! YOU WAIT AND SEE!
15 MINUTES LATER
IT'S A MIRACLE! THE WHITEST WASH I EVER SAW—AND WE DIDN'T TOUCH A WASHBOARD!
AND IT'S SO SAFE FOR COLORS, TOO! I'VE WASHED THIS PRINT DRESS SCORES OF TIMES IN OXYDOL--AND THE COLORS ARE ALMOST LIKE NEW!
SEE--THROUGH, AND IT'S ONLY 11 O'CLOCK!
AND MY HANDS FEEL SO SOFT AND NICE—IT'S JUST GRAND!
WEEKS LATER—WASHDAY NIGHT
I CAN'T GET OVER IT—HOW WONDERFUL YOU LOOK LATELY! YOU'RE FRESH AS A DAISY, AND THIS WAS WASHDAY, TOO!
WASHING IS NO TRICK AT ALL ANY MORE, WITH OXYDOL. AND JUST THINK --I USED TO HAVE A HORROR OF LOOKING LIKE A SCRUBWOMAN WITH ALL THAT HARD SCRUBBING TO DO.

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Plan Your St. Patrick's Party Early

By Mary Lee Swann,
The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking.

Irish Salad.

DISSOLVE package of lime-flavored gelatin in 2 cups water as directed on package. Add 2 tablespoons vinegar. Pour over 1 quart shredded cabbage, 1 cup shredded heart celery, ½ cup coarsely chopped salted almonds and 1 dozen sliced stuffed olives. Set in ice box until firm. Turn out on crisp lettuce leaves and serve with green mayonnaise.

Cucumber Jelly Salad.

SIMMER 3 cups water with 2 pared and sliced cucumbers, 1 teaspoon celery seed, 1 teaspoon chopped green pepper and 1½ teaspoons salt until cucumbers are tender. Press through sieve. There should be about 1 pint of the cucumber liquid. Add 1 tablespoon lemon juice, a few grains paprika and 1 tablespoon granulated gelatin which has been softened in ¼ cup cold water. Stir until gelatin is dissolved. Add vegetable coloring to make a delicious green color. Lightly mix 6 sliced stuffed olives, 2 sliced hard cooked eggs, 1 small can flaked tuna fish and place in mold. Pour the cold gelatin mixture over the fish mixture. (Any desired fish may be substituted for the tuna fish). Chill. Unmold on crisp lettuce and serve with well seasoned French dressing.

Shamrock Salad.

MIX 1 cup ground cooked ham, 1 cup finely chopped celery, 2 packages cream cheese and salt and pepper to taste. Remove seeds from 3 medium sized green peppers. Pack the cheese mixture into the pepper shells and chill. Cut the stuffed peppers in slices, crosswise, and serve on lettuce with French dressing.

Ice Box Dough for Shamrock Rolls.

MIX 2 cups boiling water, ½ cup sugar, 1 tablespoon salt and 4 tablespoons shortening. Set aside until lukewarm. Add 2 yeast cakes blended with 4 tablespoons lukewarm water with 1 teaspoon sugar. Beat 2 eggs until light and add to mixture. Add 1 tablespoon melted butter and about 4 cups sifted flour. Beat well. Add 4 additional cups of flour. Mix well. Put in a greased bowl, cover and place in ice box. Use as needed. About 3 hours before serving time cut off as much dough as needed. Form into small shamrock rolls. Let rise until double in bulk. Bake in a rather quick oven, or at about 425 degrees, about 20 minutes.

Potato and Green Pea Soup.

COMBINE ¾ cup chopped pared raw potatoes, ¾ cup minced onion, ½ cup chopped raw carrots, 1 can of green peas and 1 quart hot water. Cover and simmer gently about 1 hour. Press through potato ricer or fruit press and add 1 can vegetable soup and 1 cup cold water. Reheat. Cream 2 tablespoons butter and 2 tablespoons flour with a few grains pepper and ½ teaspoon salt and add to the hot soup mixture, stirring constantly until creamy and smooth. Just before serving add ½ cup thin cream.

Pineapple Dessert.

SOAK 1½ tablespoons granulated gelatin in ½ cup cold water. Add ½ cup sugar and 1 cup canned pineapple juice and bring quickly to the boiling point. Remove from heat and cool slightly. Add 2 drops mint flavoring and 1 tablespoon lemon juice. Set aside until cold. When mixture begins to congeal fold in 2 cups whipped cream and color delicately with green vegetable coloring. Turn into wet molds and chill in ice box. Unmold and garnish with fresh or candied mint leaves or green pineapple cubes.

Jellied Spinach Soup.

SOAK 1 tablespoon unflavored granulated gelatin in ½ cup spinach liquor (from fresh or canned spinach). Dissolve 1 bouillon cube in 1 cup hot water and dissolve the softened gelatin in this mixture. Season with a few grains pepper and ½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce. Add 1 cup finely chopped cooked spinach. Pour into small bouillon cups and chill. Serve with crisp cheese wafers.

American Weekly Patterns

Pattern 3407—A SPORTS FROCK OF SILK OR COTTON ANTICIPATES SUNNY DAYS AHEAD. NOTE THE NOVEL YOKE. Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 16 requires 3½ yards 36-inch fabric.

Pattern 3406—WITH OR WITHOUT A BOW THIS CAPE-LET-SLEEVED FROCK GIVES THE MATURE FIGURE NEW SLENDERNESS. Designed for sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 39-inch fabric.

Pattern 3369—TOTS OF TWO-TO-TEN FIND A COAT-FROCK AND SNUG PANTIES SLIP ON IN A JIFFY. Designed for sizes 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10. Size 4 requires 2¼ yards 36-inch fabric and ¼ yard contrasting.

Pattern 3363—A SOFT-LINE FROCK OF COMFORTABLE CUT IS NICE FOR PORCH OR GARDENING. Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40. Size 16 requires 3½ yards 39-inch fabric.

Pattern 3405—SHIRRING TOPS A PAIR OF UTTERLY SWISH SLEEVES AND A GRACEFULLY STYLED FROCK FOR AFTERNOON. Designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40. Size 16 requires 3⅝ yards 39-inch fabric.

Pattern 3408—SIMPLE APPLIQUE AND CUTWORK MOTIFS TRIM LINENS FOR SPRING DRESS-UP. May be done entirely in cutwork. Pattern 3408 contains a transfer pattern of four motifs 8x15 inches, and pattern pieces for applique patches; material requirements; illustrations of stitches.

Pattern 3390—START THE MORNING RIGHT IN A DAINTY COTTON FROCK THAT CARRIES A RUFFLE OVER ITS SHOULDER. Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 16 requires 3¾ yards 36-inch fabric.

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Dublin Chocolate Cake

CREAM ½ cup butter, add 1 cup sifted granulated sugar and beat until smooth and creamy. Add 2 beaten eggs. Alternately add 1 cup sour milk and 2 cups sifted cake flour sifted again with 1½ teaspoons soda and ½ teaspoon salt. Add 4 ounces chocolate, melted over hot water. Flavor with 1 teaspoon vanilla extract.

Turn into two buttered and floured layer cake pans. Bake in a moderate oven, or at about 325 degrees F., for about ½ hour or until cake shrinks from sides of pan.

Turn out onto wire cake coolers. When cold put together and cover with rich chocolate frosting.

Make frosting as follows: Add 4 ounces chocolate to ½ cup milk and scald over hot water. Stir until smooth and creamy. Beat 2 egg yolks with 3 tablespoons sugar.

Add 1 cup and 5 tablespoons sugar to the chocolate mixture and cook over low heat about 12 minutes or until sugar is dissolved. Add egg mixture and 1 tablespoon butter and continue cooking about 1 minute. Add 1 teaspoon vanilla. Cool. Beat until creamy and thick.

Or if you wish a rather unusual chocolate frosting try this:

Melt 2 ounces chocolate in top of double boiler. Beat 3 ounces cream cheese with 3 tablespoons top milk until smooth. Add 2 cups sifted powdered sugar gradually and beat well. Add melted chocolate and a few grains salt. Beat until well blended.

If for any special festive occasion, decorate with appropriate ornaments cut from candied fruits or angelica, or make fancy designs with bright candies or sugared nuts.

Make Mealtime an Adventure

Aunt Jemima's Magic Menu

HOT WAFFLES AND FRIZZLED HAM
Chilled Orange Juice
AUNT JEMIMA WAFFLES
Syrup, or Honey Frizzled Ham
Coffee

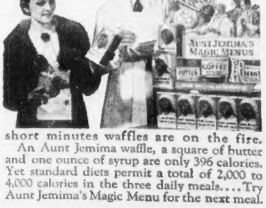
How to make good Waffles

1. Measure 2 cups Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour into mixing bowl. In another bowl beat 1 egg and combine with 2 cups milk or water. Pour liquid and 2 tablespoons melted butter or shortening into flour. Beat smooth. This makes six waffles.
2. Have waffle iron hot enough to bake a waffle perfectly in three minutes.
3. Grease iron lightly with paraffin after heating. Grease only once.
4. Serve waffles as soon as done. Never stack. Stacking spoils crispness.

GROCERS OFFER NEW SERVICE ON MEAL PLANNING!

YOU can now obtain in one order anything you need for Aunt Jemima's Magic Menu. Complete with printed, easy directions. It's so easy to get wonderfully light waffles—fluffy and well-done—when you use Aunt Jemima's Pancake Flour. You can get far more fluffiness than with ordinary bread or biscuit flour. Because Aunt Jemima's contains only about half as much gluten as ordinary flour. And gluten, you know, is the taffy-like substance in flour that resists heat and slows up the baking process.

That's why, with about half the gluten of ordinary flour, Aunt Jemima's waffles come out so perfectly done, so tender, fluffy and light in the few short minutes waffles are on the fire.



An Aunt Jemima waffle, a square of butter and one ounce of syrup are only 396 calories. Yet standard diets permit a total of 2,000 to 4,000 calories in the three daily meals.... Try Aunt Jemima's Magic Menu for the next meal.

Insist on
AUNT JEMIMA
to guarantee Fluffiness
Pancake Flour *in the red package* . . . Buckwheat *in the yellow package*

OLD DUTCH
is made with
SEISMOTITE . .
FLAT FLAKY PARTICLES
THAT GO TWICE AS FAR

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FOR MORE than thirty years, economy in transportation has been the guiding principle of the Ford Motor Company. Each year brings improvements that make the Ford a better car and a more economical car to drive. What are the definite Ford economies?

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3. Low cost of operation
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5. Long life
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The Ford V-8 uses less fuel and oil for the power it gives than any car we ever made and its up-keep cost is the lowest.

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